



STUDENT - 1921

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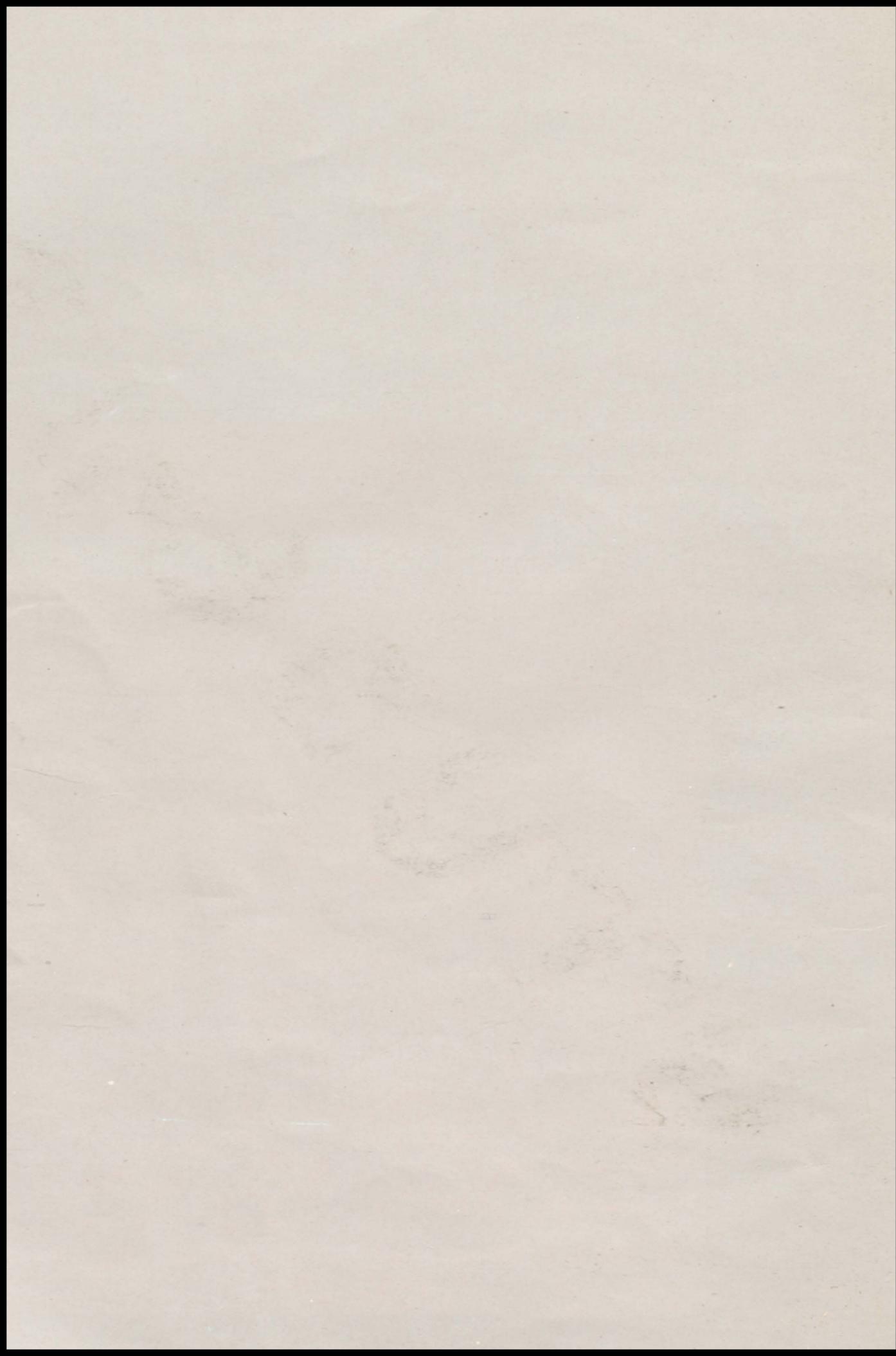
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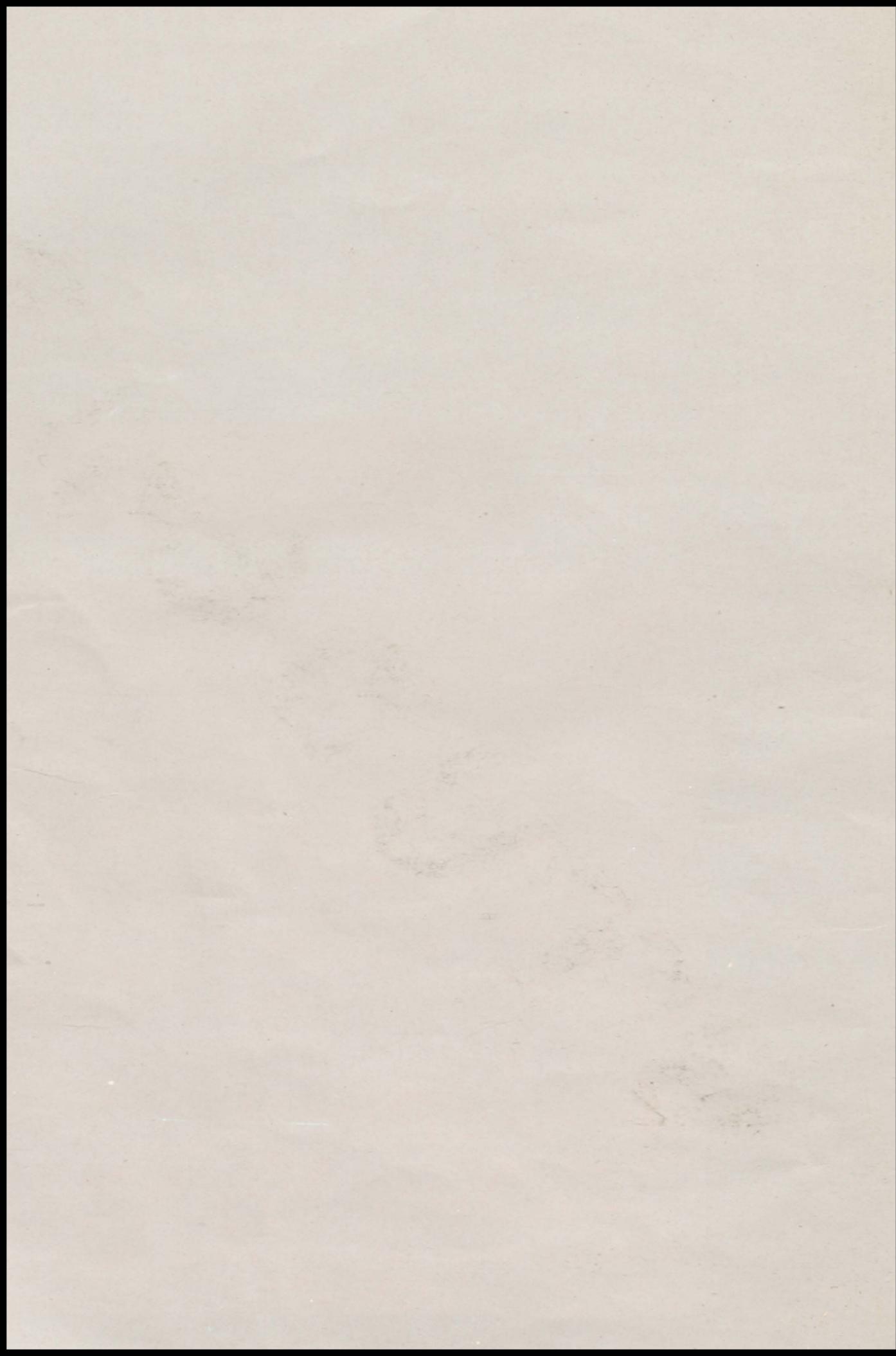
*Hard and Soft*  
**COAL**

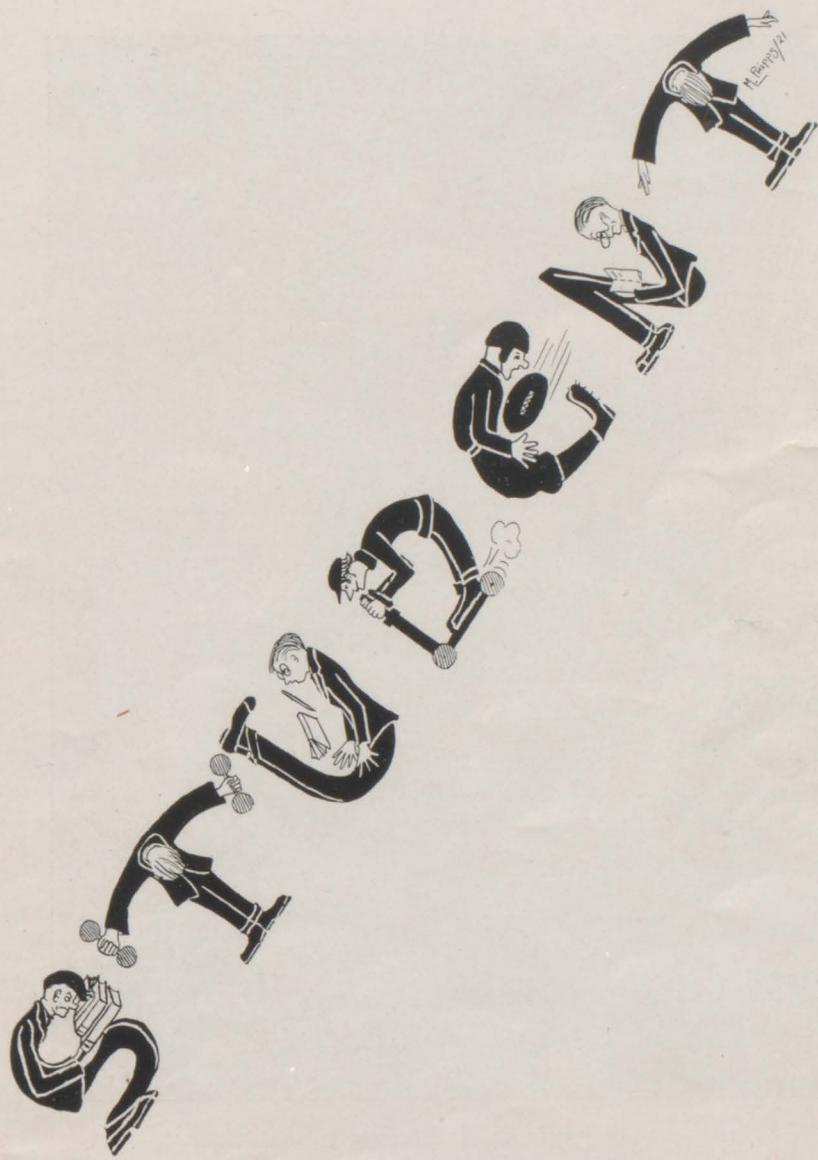
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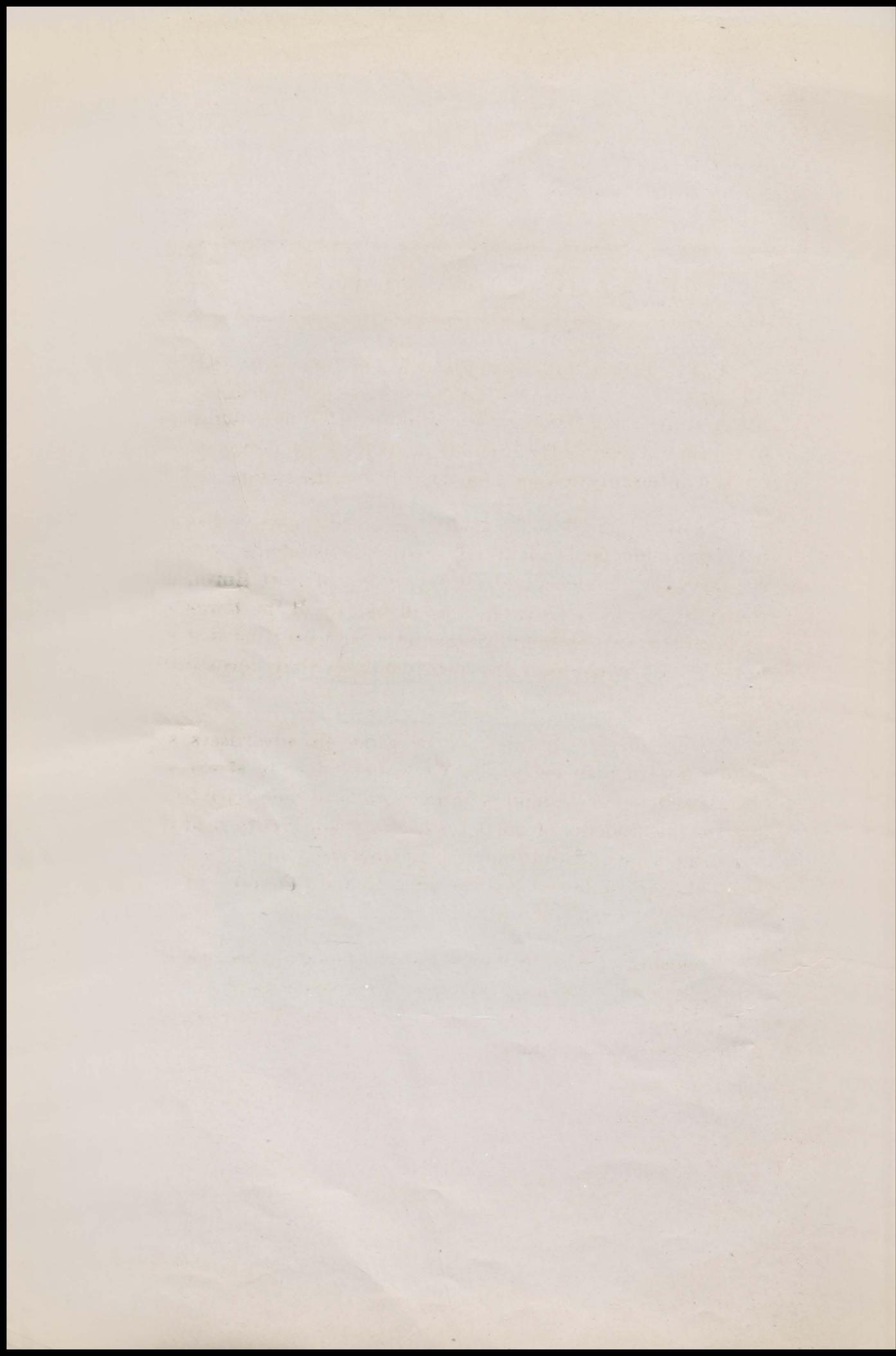


Dr. C. B. Stockwell

## Dedication

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To the Alumni and their Dean,  
Dr. C. B. Stockwell, this 1921 Student is  
Respectfully Dedicated.



## FOREWORD

SEVERAL new things are presented to you in the 1921 Student. We wanted to be different, "just for a change," and then, we really thought the new things were pretty good. The Senior pictures, especially, are arranged differently and we hope you will like the change.

The Junior High is also gladly welcomed for we realize that from this department will come the students who will carry on the ideals and the fellowship of Port Huron High. No words can express our thanks to all the lower classmen for their splendid co-operation and we trust that they will be pleased with the departments that are devoted to them.

We are deeply grateful to the generous advertisers. Were it not for their generosity, we would indeed be at sea. The assistance they extend is an expression of true friendship for the students of our school. We want you to read every "ad," for you will find their arrangement an innovation. We are indebted for the idea to the "Coyote" of Nebraska Wesleyan University.

In closing we wish to express our gratitude, not because it is an honored custom but because of the sincerity of our appreciation to all who have faithfully devoted themselves to the success of the Student.

THE STAFF—'21.

## ALUMNAE OF 1920

Beresford, Charles.....	U. of M.	Hallman, Gladys.....	Home
Bonnett, Charles.....	West Point Academy	Hardy, Meriam.....	P. H. B. U.
Brown, Paul.....	E. & T.	Herbert, Marie.....	National Bank
Browning, Alfred.....	Detroit Edison Co.	Holland, Dorothy.....	Mueller's
Chalcraft, Curtis.....	U. of M.	Isbester, Bessie.....	Ypsilanti Normal
Carlisle, Alan.....	City Engineering	Isbester, Beatrice.....	Detroit Edison Co.
Hartman, William.....	U. of M.	Jackson, Evelyn.....	M. A. C.
Hill, Carlton.....	U. of M.	Jones, Maud.....	Maccabee Temple
Hill, William.....	U. of M.	Kennedy, Ruth.....	G. W. Myers & Co.
Hogan, Albert.....	Oberlin	King, Lucille.....	Home
Hungerford, Harlan.....	Oberlin	Lewis, Muriel.....	Home
Isbester, Gilbert.....	U. of M.	Little, Ruth.....	Engine Thresher Co.
Lewis, Eugene.....	M. A. C.	Locke, Marjorie.....	Riverside Printing Co.
Miller, James.....	Sarnia	Lowe, Gladys.....	Battle Creek
Moore, Frederick.....	U. of M.	Lymburner, Adelyne.....	Albion
Norris, George.....	M. A. C.	Marsden, Jean.....	Western State Normal
Ramsey, James.....	Olivet	Marsden, Nan.....	Western State Normal
Reid, Lloyd.....	U. of M.	Maxwell, Ada.....	Maccabee Temple
Richards, Harold.....	Pontiac	Maurer, Marie.....	Marshall Tot Shop
Ross, Harry.....	Lewis Technical School, Chicago	Mitchell, Helen.....	Harper Hospital, Detroit
Ross, John.....	Salt Plant	Moak, Lillian.....	Home
Rubenstein, Justin.....	Rubenstein's	Moore, Frances.....	Oberlin
Summers, Taylor.....	U. of M.	Morris, Irma.....	Western State Normal
Tappan, Gordon.....	U. of M.	McAuley, Alma.....	Detroit
Taylor, Charles.....	U. of M.	McIntosh, Olive.....	Home
Tibets, Harold.....	Working	MacLaren, Isabel.....	U. of M.
Stevenson, Albert.....	Detroit Edison Co.	Nern, Edna.....	Home
McCowan, Jack.....	Surveying	Schuneman, Sarah.....	Maccabee Temple
Adams, Gladys.....	Teaching	Soutar, Mariam.....	Knox's
Akers, Margaret.....	Anker-Holth Co.	Stewart, Marian.....	Ypsilanti Normal
Annas, Isabel.....	Teaching	Stewart, Bernice.....	Married
Barrett, Bonnie.....	U. of M.	Sturmer, Ruth.....	U. of M.
Brown, Elizabeth.....	Public Library	Toft, Katherine.....	P. H. B. U.
Campbell, Lucille.....	Battle Creek	Thorne, Nina.....	E. & T.
Carlisle, Edith.....	Married	Warren, Blanche.....	P. H. B. U.
Evans, Ruth.....	Lansing	Webster, Millicent.....	Ypsilanti Normal
Elliott, Beth.....	Teaching	West, Alice.....	W. B. A.
French, Dorothy.....	U. of M.	Welsh, Elizabeth.....	Mt. Pleasant
Hall, Gertrude.....	Mt. Pleasant		

1921

S T U D E N T

1921

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1921

STUDENT

1921

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BEATRICE WOODWARD, U. of M., A. B.

CLARISSA McCOLLUM, U. of M., A. B.

NINITA MAYNE, Columbia College of Expression.

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CELIA C. BYWATER, U. of M., A. B.

BEATRICE SCULPHOLM, Hillsdale, A. B.

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ELIZABETH AVERY, U. of M., A. B.

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MARGARET KRESS, U. of M., A. B.

AILEEN BRUSH, U. of M., A. B.

EDITH BLAKE, U. of M., A. B.

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MARY MILLER, U. of M., A. B.

### COMMERCIAL

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WM. HILZINGER, U. of M., A. B.

ETHEL MARTIN, M. S. N. C., Cleary Business College.

### VOCATIONAL

JOHN MCKENZIE, Olivet, A. B.

FRANCES X. LAKE, W. S. N.

M. JEAN ROSS, Lewis Institute.

WM. MCINTOSH, W. S. N.

1921

STUDENT

1921

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK

### BACCALAUREATE SERMON

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH  
REV. MATT. MULLEN  
SUNDAY, JUNE 12

### CLASS DAY

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM  
TUESDAY, JUNE 14

### COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

MAJESTIC THEATRE, 8:00 o'clock  
REV. — BARNES, OF FLINT  
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15

### SENIOR HOP

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM  
FRIDAY, JUNE 17

1921

STUDENT

1921



JACK TAYLOR  
*Valedictorian*



ELEANOR MEISEL  
*Salutatorian*

## CLASS DAY

March	HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
Salutatory	ELEANOR MEISEL
History	DONALD ROSS
"June Days"	SENIOR GIRLS' DOUBLE TRIO
Chemist	FRANCIS APPEL
Prophecy	RUTH SCHUCK
"Chase of the Butterflies"	SENIOR GIRLS' DOUBLE TRIO
Will	MARION SEAGRAVES
Giftetary	FRANCES SMITH
Class Song	Words, MARY VAN VALKENBURG
Valedictory	JACK TAYLOR

1921

STUDENT

1921



1921 - STUDENT - 1921



ANNABELLE MARIE SICKLES  
*"The Noblest Mind the  
best contentment has."*

JACK DUFFY TAYLOR  
*"We grant altho' he had much wit  
He was very shy of using it."*

DONALD E. SPERRY  
*"His Heart is as firm as a  
stone."*

MARION CORINE RYDEN  
*"Infinite riches in a little room."*

1921

S T U D E N T

1921



RUSSELL HUDSON SIMMS  
"Thy liquid notes that close the  
Eye of Day."

ROSABEL VAIL LEE  
"A merry heart maketh a cherry countenance."

ELEANOR SYLVIA MEISEL  
"She is pretty to walk with,  
and witty to talk with,  
—And pleasant, too, to think on."

HUGH M. WARD  
"The lion is not so fierce as painted."

1921

STUDENT

1921



DONALD M. ROSS  
*"Better late than never."*

RUTH MILDRED SCHUCK  
*"I have no other but a woman's reason;  
I think him so, because I think him so."*

FRANCES EDITH HOLLAND  
*"In maiden meditation, fancy free."*

EUGENE DIMICK  
*"My Heart is true as steel."*

1921

- S T U D E N T -

1921



GRACE THORN

*"A sweet attractive kind of Grace."*

FRANKLIN C. COWLES

*"As merry as the day is long."*

FRANCIS STEWART APPEL

*"What I can not do today  
I will do tomorrow."*

JEANNE RYAN

*"To see her is to love her  
—And love her forever."*

1921 - STUDENT - 1921



OMER P. BARTOW  
*"And e'en his failings  
leaned to virtue's side."*

LOUISE MARIE GRUEL  
*"Frailty, thy name is woman."*

GENEVIEVE SCHRAMLIN  
*"If there were dreams to sell,  
what would you buy?"*

BETHEL LA VOHN SMITH  
*"A soft answer turneth  
away wrath."*

1921

STUDENT

1921



ROY FRANK STUART

*"Tis better to have lov'd and lost  
than never to have lov'd at all."*

DORRIS S. GREEN

*"Her ways are the ways of pleasantness  
and all her paths are peace."*

ELIZA MOORE COWAN

*"Officious, innocent, sincere,  
Of every friendless name the friend."*

WINIFRED H. POWELL

*"Joy is the sweet voice,  
Joy, the luminous cloud."*

1921 - STUDENT - 1921



RUTH ELEANOR MOORE

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low  
—An excellent thing in woman."*

GEORGE T. McINNIS

*"Honest labor bears  
a lovely face."*

KENNETH E. De GRAW

*"Virtue is bold, and  
goodness ever fearful."*

LILLIAN M. FOX

*"Thy modesty's a candle  
to thy merit."*

1921

STUDENT

1921



EDWIN BUNCE HOFFMAN

*"He is a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again."*

MILDRED AILEEN LUDY

*"Measures, not men,  
have always been my mark."*

HELEN FLORENCE JENKS

*"A blythe heart and  
a blooming visage."*

EUGENE FRANCIS BLACK

*"An Honest man, close buttoned to the chin,  
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart  
within."*

1921

STUDENT

1921



WAYNE C. FRINK  
*"Who ever loved that loved  
not at first sight?"*

MARION LOUISE SEAGRAVE  
*"The world knows nothing  
of its greatest (wo)men."*

FRANCES ELEANOR SMITH  
*"True as the needle to the pole  
Or as the dial to the sun."*

HERBERT ELMER NOEL  
*"What'er he did was done with ease  
In him alone 'twis natural to please."*

1921 - STUDENT - 1921



BYRON PHILP

*"None but the brave deserves  
the fair."*

THELMA E. BERKELEY

*"Charms strike the sight  
—But merit wins the soul."*

OLIVE MITCHELL BRADLEY

*"To those who know thee not, no words can  
paint,  
And those who know thee, know all words are  
faint."*

ELDRED MILLER

*"Beware the fury of a  
patient man."*

1921 - STUDENT - 1921



GLADYS A. MITCHELL  
"O, thou art fairer than  
the evening air."

SAMUEL EDWARD STECHER  
"As he thinketh in his heart,  
—So is he."

ALBERT DIXON  
"He hath never fed of the  
dainties that are bred in a book."

LILA G. MILLER  
"She moves a goddess  
and she looks a queen."

1921

S T U D E N T

1921



LILLIAN A. DUCK

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned."*

MARTHA JANE HAYMAN

*"One event happeneth  
to them all."*

EDWARD PARSONS

*"None but himself can  
be his parallel."*

HAZEL I. SAWDON

*"My eyes make pictures.  
when they are shut."*

1921

S T U D E N T

1921



JAY C. CORSAUT

*"Life is a jest and all things show it,  
I thought so once, and now I knew it."*

GLADYS DONA McKAY

*"Joy rises in me like a  
summer's morn."*

FLORENCE H. SCHEONROCK

*"Studious of ease and  
fond of humble things."*

COLBURN W. BEEDON

*"All nature wears one  
universal grin."*

1921

STUDENT

1921



WINIFRED MARGARET COLVILLE  
*"The sweetest garland to  
the sweetest maid."*

RUSSEL W. FENNER  
*"Sigh'd and look'd  
—and sigh'd again."*

CARL ARTHUR HOLTH  
*"He nothing common did  
—or mean."*

HELEN H. BROWN  
*"The fair, the chaste, the  
unexpressive she."*

1921 - STUDENT - 1921



GUY GEEL MANUEL  
*"Accuse not Nature, she hath  
done her part;  
Do thou but thine."*

ELAINE NATALIE SCHELL  
*"How forcible are right words."*

MABEL G. SMITH  
*"Love me little, love me long."*

JANET I. MARSHALL  
*"True beauty dwells in deep retreats  
Whose veil is unremoved."*

1921

STUDENT

1921



HELEN GRACE BLACK

*"Her air, her manners, all  
w<sup>o</sup>o saw, admired."*

NINA LOUISE POWRIE

*"I  
cannot tell what the dickens  
his name is."*

FRANK W. ALLEN

*"Reading maketh a full man, conference a  
ready man, and writing an exact man."*

MARY MARGARET VAN VALKENBURG

*"The bashful virgin's side-long  
looks of love."*

1921 - STUDENT - 1921



ELDON V. STOCKS

*"Behind a frowning providence  
he hides a smiling face."*

MISS CELIA BYWATER  
Faculty Advisor

MISS GRACE M. NORTHRUP  
Faculty Advisor

1921 - STUDENT - 1921





This year's Junior Class is brimming over with "pep." This was felt by all other classes in school. Soon after the opening of school their election was held. Chester Benedict was wisely chosen president; Mary Hall is vice-president; for secretary Carmela Graziadei was elected; Kenneth Church was honored with overseer of the treasury; advisors were Miss Woodward and Miss Scupholm. The "pep" of this class has been spread all through school.

—CLASS OF '22.

### THAT JUNIOR PARTY

On December 17, 1920, the Jolly Juniors assembled in the gymnasium of the Junior High School. At six o'clock dancing ceased and Santa Claus appeared on the scene. He caused great excitement when he distributed the costly gifts purchased at Woolworth's. Bearing their gifts, the students next followed the scent of the eats, and were further pleased not only with the dinner but with the lovely Christmas decorations so ably prepared by Paul St. Denis.

After dinner speeches were rendered. After casting one last glance at the table, now quite empty, some of the pleasure-seekers traveled homeward, others remained to the basket ball game with Marine City.

P. A. T.—'22.

1921

STUDENT

1921





## SOPHOMORE ELECTION

The Sophomores, after having thrown off their Freshman habits, entered into the duties and dignities of Sophomores. They elected their officers to gently guide them and urge them in climbing their steep paths to the height of Junior. Their officers were: President, John Ottaway; Vice-President, Erma Burns; Secretary, Charlene Shiland, and the "Money-keeper," or Treasurer, Paul Soini. The faculty advisors were Miss Hayward and Miss Chapin.

## SOPHOMORE PARTY

The best party of the year was given by the Sophomores in the Washington High Gymnasium on November 23rd. The mothers of the Sophomores did more than their share in making the party the huge success that it was.

The excellent supper which they served at about five-thirty consisted of roast beef, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, Boston baked beans, rolls, pickles, cocoa, jelly, ice cream and cake.

After everyone had been "filled up," Miss K. Philbrick and Miss Akers furnished music for dancing until nine o'clock.

Miss Chapin and Miss Hayward deserve great credit for their efforts to make the party such a fine success. Louis Weil made a fine chairman for the committee and his work is much appreciated by the class of '23.

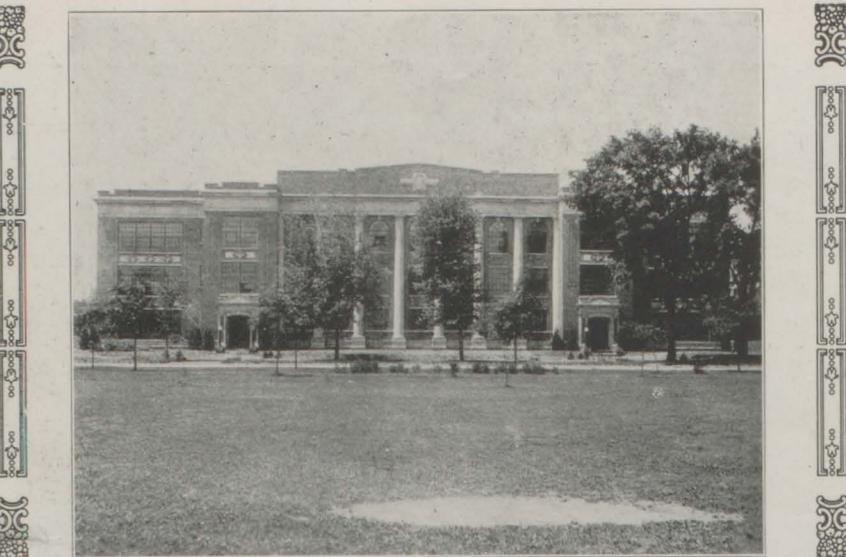
C. E. S. '23.

1921

STUDENT

1921





## CLASS ORGANIZATION

Organization was delayed until the first six weeks of school had passed in order to find those eligible for class offices. At the first meeting fine class spirit was shown by the large number present and the interest taken in the proceedings. The committees appointed at this time to select the candidates for office, exercised good judgment in their choice. At the second meeting the following officers were elected:

President	JOHN MACDONALD
Vice-President	PHYLLIS ADAMS
Secretary	ALBERTA HOFFMAN
Treasurer	KENNETH GAFFIELD

By strict attention to their duties and an unselfish devotion to class interests these officers have been influential in promoting the spirit of loyalty and high standard of excellence which characterizes the class of Nineteen Twenty-Four.

## THE 9B FROLIC

The 9B Frolic or "Get Acquainted" party was held in the gymnasium of the Junior High, a week after entering school in the fall of the year. Everyone was requested to write his name on a slip of paper which was pinned on his sleeve. "Ike" Snyder led in the playing of many games which furnished a very delightful afternoon.

## HALLOWE'EN PARTY

A Hallowe'en party was given by the 8B's in October at the Washington Junior High School. Games were played. A guessing contest was also played, the prizes being won by Minnie Dresser and Margaret Smith. After the games refreshments were served and the party broke up.



JUNIOR HIGH



V. REID L. WEIL



K. PHILDICK E. MEISEL  
E. CADY



C. BENEDICT

F. MUGAVERO



L. BERESFORD

R. MARTIN



M. GODFREY  
E. PACE



P. TURNBULL



M. EPSTEIN



S. STETCHER



M. SEAGRAVE

## FRESHMAN PARTY

On January 14th, the Freshman Class gave a delightful party at the Junior High School gymnasium.

At six o'clock supper was served to more than two hundred and sixty members of the class by Miss Merigold, Miss Westley and five of the class mothers. The tables were placed in the halls on the first floor. Before supper each boy and girls were given a card with a number and picture upon it and they were to find their partners for supper and the grand march. After the "eats" the pupils assembled for the grand march led by Miss McNicol and Mr. Hungerford.

The gym was prettily decorated with flags and red and white crepe paper. In the corners were cozy nooks for the dancers and onlookers, and in one was a Gypsy fortune-teller hidden in a bower of greenery. The floor of the gym was divided into two parts by a white fence which ran crosswise. On one side the classmates danced to the music of the school orchestra, while on the other side was devoted to games for those who did not care to dance. The great success of the games during the evening was due to Miss Carlisle who was in charge of that part of the amusements.

The party came to an end about 10:30. Every one held a kindly feeling toward Miss McNicol for the extra hour she granted to the dancers.

## JUNIOR HIGH CANDY SALE

Candy, if not eaten to excess, is good for people (children excluded). Having thought in mind we decided it was the best way of raising money.

The candy sale I am attempting to describe was held after school on Friday several months ago in the corridors of the Washington Junior High School under the auspices of the 8A girls. The boys also had a part, as they could eat.

Two girls were selected from each class (of 8A) to do the work. The candy was obtained by public donation from 8A girls, and was neatly and daintily packed in boxes of assorted shapes and sizes.

The forepart of the afternoon was occupied with the arranging and decorating of the tables in the corridors.

Immediately after school was dismissed the selected girls appeared looking very attractive in their "fudge aprons." The halls sounded like a magpie reserve for a while; but it didn't last long for within fifteen minutes the candy was all sold. We had made fifty dollars! This money was put in the fund to help pay for the piano we had recently purchased.

JEAN RAYMER.

## MOTHERS' RECEPTION

A Mother's reception was held at the Washington Junior High School in September of 1920 by the 8B's. A program was given by several pupils, after which the mothers were escorted through the building. Refreshments were served in the dining room.

## ASSEMBLIES

Four assemblies planned for the purpose of physical exercise rather than a study hour at noon, and to develop the social life of the school have been given at Washington Junior High School.

The admission charged has been ten cents and the proceeds have gone to the following:

Two for benefit of Piano Fund.

One for Camera Club (9A Civics).

One for W. J. H. Athletic Association.

These assemblies have lasted for a period of thirty-five minutes and everyone has had a good time with the exception of a few boys who have been too bashful to dance. The music has been furnished by Marvel Mann. Miss Carlisle has had charge of all assemblies and they have been very successful under her direction. All assemblies have been very well attended. Conspicuous at these assemblies are not only Freshmen but also the lower grades from the fifth up.

Thus, practically the whole school has enjoyed them and it is hoped by everyone that they will be continued.

MARZELLE LANGTRY.

## THE GLEE CLUBS

The Glee Clubs of the Junior High were organized in October, 1920. The officers of the Boys' Club are: JAMES SINCLAIR, President; HAROLD STEVENS, Secretary-Treasurer; CECIL TURNER, Librarian. Those chosen by the girls are: DOROTHY AIKMAN, President; BERNADINE FAIR, Secretary-Treasurer; LOUISE HENSON, Librarian. A portion of the Girls' Club sang in a concert February 21, 1921. Although it is regretted by all that more public performances have not been held, the coming season is expected to bring with it many engagements for both clubs.

Practice was suspended during the Music Memory contest and the period given over to the study of these selections. The Junior High is very proud of its record in the contest, having captured the first prize and seventeen others. The prize winners are as follows:

ELSIE BURNS \$25.00

DOROTHY DRAKE

MARVEL WIGH

JANE COOK

GERTRUDE KEMP

LAURA HOWARD

OLIVE MYRON

BLANCHE PETERS

RUTH PERKINS

MARGARET MONSELL

MILDRED COLLARD

MARION OAG

VIRGINIA DEXTER

VIRGINIA SCHALLER

KATHERINE FITZPATRICK

VANCE SCHALLER

HELEN COOK

JEAN RAYMER

## THE "GYM" TELLS ITS OWN STORY

I am greatly pleased with this year's work. I have been very prosperous and have not had a minute to spare. Everything from the Kindergarten's Fairy Dances to the thrilling basket ball games have been held within my four walls.

While I am speaking of basket ball games I want to mention the exciting games that have been held both by the Junior and Senior teams. The people of the city have been repaid for attending them. Besides the school games many others have been held under my roof, including the Y. M. C. A. team and the Muller Metals Company.

The Boy Scouts also spend two nights each week playing games and practicing their drills upon my floor.

Many people turn out on Wednesday evening to enjoy the dancing and games. It pleases me to be able to entertain the older people as well as the young.

Of all the parties that have been held within my four walls I was never so proud of myself as the night of the Ninth Grade Class party. I was decorated in the most becoming manner with the flags of the United States. My cosy corners were fitted out with rugs, easy chairs and floor lamps, while the center of my floor was given over to games and dancing. I never before saw a group of students who enjoyed themselves more.

I am glad one day was set aside for rest. The Sabbath is the only time I have for rest and I certainly need it after a week of such strenuous work. I wish that there might be more gymnasiums in the city. It would take a heavy load off my shoulders and the people of Port Huron would have more enjoyment.

—Author Unknown—Junior High.

## THE JUNIOR HIGH ORCHESTRA

The Junior High Orchestra was organized in October, and has made rapid progress under the direction of Mr. Schubert. Every member has been present at each practice which accounts in a large measure for their success.

The orchestra has played for several events, among them being a Coffee under the auspices of the Parent-Teachers' Association, the Freshman party and the entertainment celebrating the eighth anniversary of the Parent-Teachers' Association. They are now rehearsing with the Senior High Orchestra for the High School Concert.

The orchestra consists of the following members:

MARVEL MANN . . . . .	Piano	JACK ORTH . . . . .	2nd Violin
WILLIAM METZGER . . . . .	1st Violin	VERA NELSON . . . . .	2nd Violin
CARL PATZKE . . . . .	1st Violin	HINDERIKA IMMIG . . . . .	2nd Violin
DALLAS ADAMS . . . . .	1st Violin	ERSEL GOODMAN . . . . .	2nd Violin
RODNEY DEXTER . . . . .	2nd Violin	EARL HALLADAY . . . . .	Drums
			MARVEL MANN.

## THE COFFEE

In observance of the eighth anniversary of the Washington-Van Buren-Taylor Parent-Teachers' Association a coffee and entertainment was held at the new Washington School in both the afternoon and evening of February 21st.

There was also an exhibit of art from all the grade schools in the city under the direction of Miss Loughead, supervisor of drawing.

Acting as a reception committee were Mrs. Lincoln Avery, Mrs. B. S. Summers, Mrs. E. W. Keifer, and Mrs. W. D. Hall, who have all been presidents of the association; Mrs. H. A. Davis, Miss McNicol, Miss Clark and Miss McCormick, principals of the schools.

The coffee was deemed a great success both socially and financially as the proceeds amounted to two hundred and forty-five dollars.

## WASHINGTON JUNIOR HIGH BASKETBALL

The basketball season of 1920-21 of the Washington Junior High Team has been very successful. Out of sixteen games played, this promising quintet lost but three, which were played on unfamiliar floors. Not once was the Junior team defeated on its own court. On February 25, the team laid claim to the City Championship for Junior teams by defeating the Y. M. C. A. Leaders. This quintet also claims the County Championship of the sixteen-year-old class along with its string of victories. This fast five scored 372 points while their opponents made only 219. Much credit is due Coach Meyers for his splendid work in developing the players, and it is very likely some of our boys will play on the Senior High team next year.

RAYMOND HUPERT—"Dynamite" is a very good guard and an excellent player. He is Captain of the team and well deserves the honor.

NEIL MARSHALL—"Nig" is in the midst of every game and a faster forward would be hard to find.

GEORGE AIKMAN is a good center and makes many baskets. He is the able Business Manager of the team.

THOMAS LABBERDIE—"Tommy" does highly commendable work as a guard. His playing is not spectacular, but he is very necessary to the team.

CALVIN MATTHEWS—A fast forward and good running mate for Marshall and Aikman. His fine work has led the team to many victories.

EUGENE STARK—(Sub.) "Starky" has proved his good playing in many games and is always ready to get into the fray.

JAMES SINCLAIR—(Sub.) "Jimmie" has not played in enough games to win his letter, but he was ready at all times to render his services.

## JUNIOR HIGH 16—Y. M. C. A. 15

The opening game of the season was played December 11, 1920, with the Y. M. C. A. five. The Y boys led in the first half, but could not hold the lead in the second half, when our boys made their winning points.

1921 - STUDENT - 1921



#### JUNIOR HIGH 37—PART TIME SCHOOL 3

On December 18, the Junior High team played a one-sided game with the Part Time School boys. Little opposition was shown our players.

#### JUNIOR HIGH 29—MARINE CITY 12

January 8, Marine City was played on the local court. We held the long end of the score throughout the game, our defense working splendidly.

#### JUNIOR HIGH 27—MARYSVILLE 13

A good game was played with the Marysville High five January 20, on the local floor.

**JUNIOR HIGH 22—MARINE CITY 24**

January 22, a fast game was staged with Marine City on the latter's floor. The game was close throughout, and the winner remained in doubt until the final minutes of play.

**JUNIOR HIGH 9—MEMPHIS 25**

On January 25 our second defeat of the season occurred at Memphis.

**JUNIOR HIGH 31—SARNIA 3**

The Sarnia High Reserves offered little opposition to us in a game on the local court January 29.

**JUNIOR HIGH 18—SARNIA 20**

A return game was played with Sarnia February 2 on the latter's floor. All the thrills desired were had at this fast game.

**JUNIOR HIGH 38—ST. CLAIR 5**

With the swift team work of Hupert and Marshall, and the great number of baskets made by Matthews, Junior High easily won from St. Clair on February 8.

**JUNIOR HIGH 21—MARYSVILLE 18**

On our opponents' floor, Junior High won from Marysville on February 12.

**JUNIOR HIGH 21—SARNIA 18**

After playing two games with the Reserve team, the Sarnia High first team was defeated on the local court February 23.

**JUNIOR HIGH 17—Y LEADERS 9**

In a fast game, our team defeated the Y. M. C. A. Leaders on the Junior High court February 25, and laid claim to the City Championship of the Junior Class.

**JUNIOR HIGH 8—RESERVES 4**

March 4, in a hard-fought battle, the team defeated the P. H. H. S. Reserves.

**JUNIOR HIGH 32—NEW BALTIMORE 31**

March 7, a fast game with New Baltimore. The locals were beaten in the first half by a score of 23-18, but came back strong and took the "bacon" by a score of 32-31.

**JUNIOR HIGH 28—NEW BALTIMORE 8**

March 18, our five defeated New Baltimore again in a game on our own floor. It was not very exciting, being rather one-sided.

1921

STUDENT

1921

#### JUNIOR HIGH 18—RESERVES 11

The last game of the season was won from the Port Huron High Reserves March 21, by a score of 18-11.

MARION OAG.

#### WASHINGTON JUNIOR HIGH FOOTBALL

The Washington Junior High football season, taken as a whole was a successful one. The team won five games out of the seven played. It was perhaps the brilliant playing of Hupert, Labordie and Mathews along with the good coaching of Mr. Harbolt, that brought this about.

The first game played was against the L. A. F.'s at Pine Grove Park. This was an easy victory, the Juniors winning 21 to 6. Later in the season we won over the same team by a score of 19 to 13.

Marysville High School team was next on the list, our football fighters playing them on their home field. This was a much harder fought game. Marysville crossed the goal line in the first half but failed to kick the goal. This left the score 6 to 0 and thus it remained until the last seven minutes of the game when Hupert securing the pigskin went over the line for a touchdown. "Cabby" kicked the goal with success and a few minutes later the whistle blew. The score stood 6 to 7 in favor of our team. When Marysville played here at a later date our team lost to them by a score of 7 to 20.

The Washingtonians later played the Independents on the home field. This did not prove to be an even match, our team winning with a score of 30 to 7.

The football fighters next went to Marine City and a hot battle ensued in which the local team lost with a score of 6 to 18. But the Washington Juniors atoned for this in a later game on the home field, winning by one point, the score being 14 to 13.

The line-up for the Washington Junior High team was as follows:

Right End	GERALD WALTERS
Right Tackle	MILTON TUER
Right Guard	ROBERT WAHLMAN
Center	JAMES SINCLAIR
Left Guard	ROBERT ORR
Left Tackle	WESLEY JOHNSON
Left End	JOHN WAGNER
Full Back	RAYMOND HUPERT
Right Half-back	THOMAS LABORDIE
Left Half-back	CHARLES BASCOM
Quarter Back	CALVIN MATHEWS

W. L. J.

## THE FORD PSALM

The Ford is my auto,  
I shall not want another;  
It maketh me to lay down beneath it  
For its name's sake.  
Yea tho I ride thru the valleys  
I am towed up the hills;  
I fear much evil for my rod and engine discomfort me,  
I anoint my tires with patches,  
My radiator runneth over,  
I have a blow-out within the presence of mine enemy,  
Sweat of this follows me all the days of my life,  
I shall dwell in the bug-house forever.

—Author Unknown.

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Mrs. Richard giving out spelling words—"Gerard, spell financier."  
Gerard (puzzled)—"Is that what you are when you're going to get married?"

In Latin I the pronoun being discussed was "he."  
"What is the plural?" asked the teacher.  
"She," replied the pupil.

Miss Hyde—"Come, let me see all the hands up."  
Freshman—"She must be a highwayman, because the rest of the teachers say 'hands down'."

Father—"Well son, what mark did you get on your Civics paper?"  
Son—"B."  
Father—"What's that, bum?"

Miss Cameron in D. S.—"What change takes place in sugar when it is heated?"

Coming Genius—"It turns to alcohol."

Miss Jarvis in Algebra—"Elsie, when you descend the stairs which one do you step on first?"  
Elsie Andrews—"The bottom one!"

Freshman—"Do you see those telephone wires running by the school?"  
Senior—"Yes."

Freshman—"Well, then go out and stop them."

Miss Harris—"In what raw state is bread first?"

Freshie—"Dough!"

Miss Wesley in English Class—"John Green, what is the concluding situation of this story?"

John—"He lives until he dies."

One morning Miss Merigold held up a pair of gloves and asked if anyone owned them.

A rather large boy said in a stage whisper, "I might if they were big enough."

Freshman—"Is this Miss McNicol's office?"

Miss McNicol—"Yes."

Freshman—"Would you please tell me if Tenth St. runs past the school?"

Miss McNicol—"Yes, it does."

Freshie—"Well, catch it next time it goes by, will you?"

Smart Senior—"What are you eating?"

Freshman—"Doughnuts."

S. S.—"What did you do with the holes?"

F.—Oh, I saved them because if I didn't I would be afraid some smarty like yourself would catch your foot in one and fall down!"

Freshman—"Where did you see those girls?"

Friend—"At the party."

Freshman—"Were they vamps?"

Friend—"No, they were pretty!"

Freshman—"What is that all over your face?"

Soph.—"I don't know, what is it?"

Freshman—"Why it is terrible!"

Soph.—"What is the matter, have I got the measles, I am not sick, am I?"

Freshman—"Why your face is covered with it!"

Soph. beginning to get scared—"What is it?"

Freshman—"Why it is nothing but skin."

Freshman—"Why did the Salvation Army walk around town on their heels?"

Senior—"Dunno."

Freshman—"To save their soles, (souls)."

Teacher to Henry—"Where are the Great Lakes?"

Henry—"On the map."

Miss Harris to Sidney Goldman—"Where is milk purified?"

Sidney—"Where it is made."

Marks have changed. Father (looking at son's report card)—"I'd like to know why you have such low marks as these. You have all F's and P's."

Son—"But Father, at our school now F is fair and P is perfect."

Teacher—"What is a desert?"

Pupil—"A place where camels go without water."

Teacher—"What time is it?"

Pupil—"Two minutes before the gong rings."

Miss Carlisle—"Women are doing most of the things that men do now."

Alfred Page—"Yes, but they still let us take care of the furnace fire."

Teacher—"How many know anything about painting?"

Bright Boy—"My mother paints and it must be hard because she makes faces when it doesn't go on right."

Teacher—"In what condition were the sailors picked up by England after the wreck of the Alabama?"

Bright Freshie—"They were wet."

Miss Carlisle—"By what other means do we see besides with our eyes?"

Freshie—"Our ears!"

Biology Teacher—"Give the name of the harmless mosquito."

Phyllis Adams—"Cutex."

Teacher—"This isn't a manicuring parlor!"

Miss Harris—"Why do they take the children to Ann Arbor to operate on them?"

Pupil—"They take them there to experiment on them."

Mary—"Say, but the teachers were so good today, did you notice it?"

Ann—"Yes, I did. I wonder if today is pay day?"

Miss Carlisle—"What is the best Woman's Club in Port Huron?"

Pupil—"The rolling pin."

February 11-'21:

Last night Archie Black dreamed that he was eating shredded wheat biscuit. This morning when he woke up, half of the mattress was gone.

Miss Merigold—"A captain may say 'fall out.' But if he wants order what does he say?"

Margaret Monsell—"Fall in."

Miss Harris—"How can one city nurse in Port Huron get around and do all her work if she has to go to the tunnel, up to the north end and down to South Park?"

Sidney Goldman—"She would have to get a Ford."

Somewhat mixed. A Hillsdale farmer displayed the following adv: Wanted—Two men two gobble turkeys and four pigs also a Ford (used) two milking cows.

The latest use for hay:

Farmer (to small city boy)—"Say, son, what is the grain best known to you?"

Small boy—"Hey?"

Miss Carlisle—"Who is Mr. Groesbeck?"

Bright Freshie—"Governor of the United States."

Clerk—"What kind of a comb do you want?"

Little Boy—"Oh, I want a comb for a fat man with rubber teeth."

John Stinborn and Alex. S., snapping their fingers as fast as they could.

Miss Wesley—"Boys, stop snapping your fingers."

John—Well, he is trying to beat me."

About five minutes later they start again.

Miss Wesley—"In about two minutes I am going to send you boys out of class!"

John—"In about two minutes the bell will ring and you won't have to send us out!"

Miss Wesley—"Herold, let your voice drop at the end of the sentence."

I. Goldman (in an undertone)—"He can't, it will break!"

Miss Wesley—"Is there any uniformity between the police systems in different cities?"

Orville Mathews—"No, in some villages there is only a sheriff and he doesn't wear a uniform."

Clarence Falk—"Why would Clare Jones, standing on a dime, be like Kresge's 5 and 10 cent store?"

Wm. Pilkey—"I dunno, why?"

C. F.—"Nothing above ten cents!"

Ralph Bragg—"How many teeth has an elephant?"

Franklin Aichorn—"I don't know."

R. B.—"A trunk full!"

R. B.—“How many teeth has a horse?”

F. A.—“I don’t know.”

R. B.—“A mouth full!”

F. A.—“Now, I’ll give you one. How many teeth has a donkey?”

R. B.—“Why, a mouth full, of course.”

F. A.—“Nope; I don’t know for sure myself, but if you will open your mouth I’ll count them!”

Freshman—“We got a new paper last night, but I couldn’t find any local news in it.”

Miss Carlisle—“What was the name of the paper?”

Freshman—“Fly paper!”

Teacher—“I heard that you were supporting a girl, is it an act of charity?”

Freshman—“No, I started it last week when she fainted in my arms, and I’ve supported her every night since!”

Miss Carlisle—“Dorothy, what would you do if you should go home and see a chocolate cake on the table?”

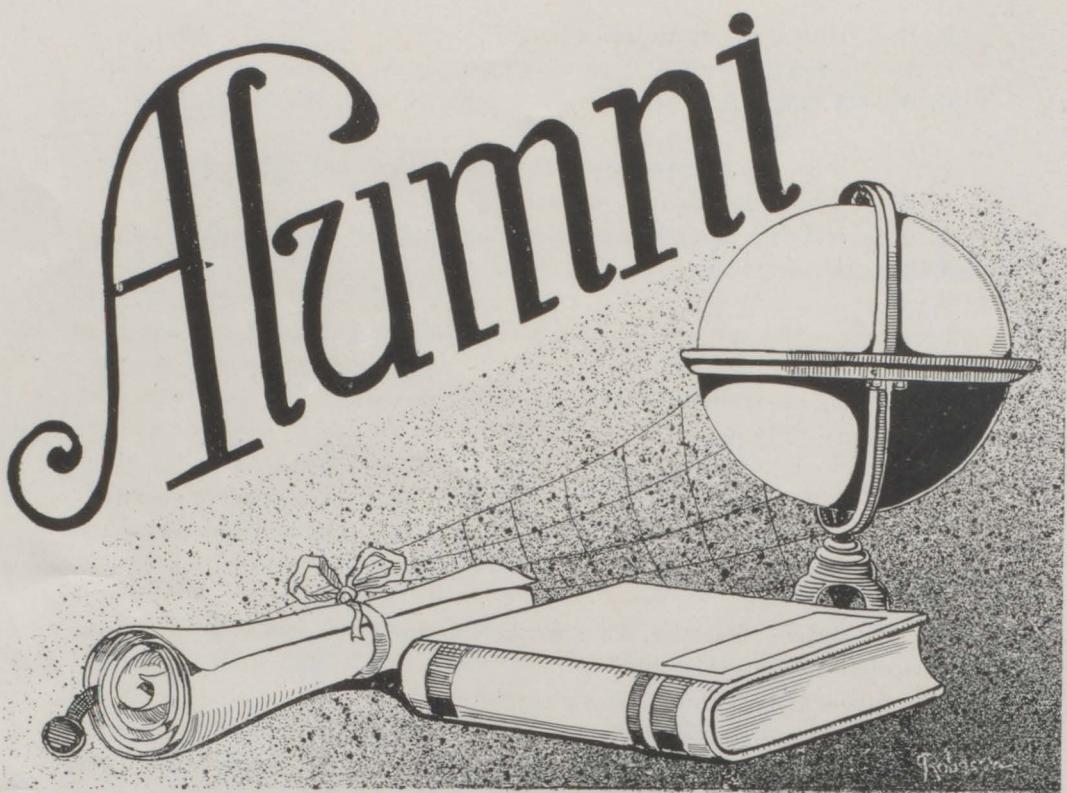
Dorothy—“Why, I would eat a piece.”

Miss Carlisle—“But what if your mother wished to save it for company?”

Dorothy—“Oh, I would eat a piece anyway, because if she were saving it, she would hide it!”

Harold U.—“I can’t work this Algebra problem any farther.”

Miss Jarvis—“Of course you can’t until you expand.”



## "LOOK OUT EVERYBODY, THE ALUMNI ARE IN TOWN"

Up to a few years ago, it was the popular idea of every person who graduated from the Port Huron High School that the next step was to get away from Port Huron.

In 1900 the population of Port Huron was 19,158, in 1910 it had decreased to 18,863.

In fact up to 1917, the population of Port Huron was below the 1900 figure. Since 1917 it has increased until it now approaches 30,000.

It was because the boy and girl graduates as a rule went to other cities. They felt that there were more prospects for a future elsewhere than in their home city.

But times have changed or rather Port Huron has changed. Port Huron now has a future that cannot be doubted. Just take a trip around Port Huron and see the host of Port Huron graduates who have flocked back to town because of the prospects here and in Marysville.

There is always a sentiment attached to the city that you were brought up in and no matter how far your travels may lead you, the feeling that you are back "home" again is the greatest of all.

The builders of a city are not so much the outside blood that comes in, but

the youths of the town that settle down and boost and work for the future of their city as well as themselves.

It is up to the alumni of the Port Huron High School to help the city take advantage of the great opportunity that is now at hand. Those in school now really have a future before them. But it takes boosters, there has been too much knocking, and the optimistic spirit cannot be cultivated too early.

ARTHUR BUCKERIDGE—'15.

### VOICES OF THE PAST

For so long the Alumni of the Port Huron High School was considered as an inactive, disinterested body. It was formed into an association, but this was too large and too unwieldy a group for a few ambitious ones to handle, and, nothing was accomplished.

This last year, the Alumni have shown signs of life, they have taken an interest in the school, and school activities. We feel that they are boosting for our athletic field, our school and our Student.

But why shouldn't those who have graduated from Port Huron High take pride in it? Why shouldn't they take an interest in the school to which they owe their education, for the most part?

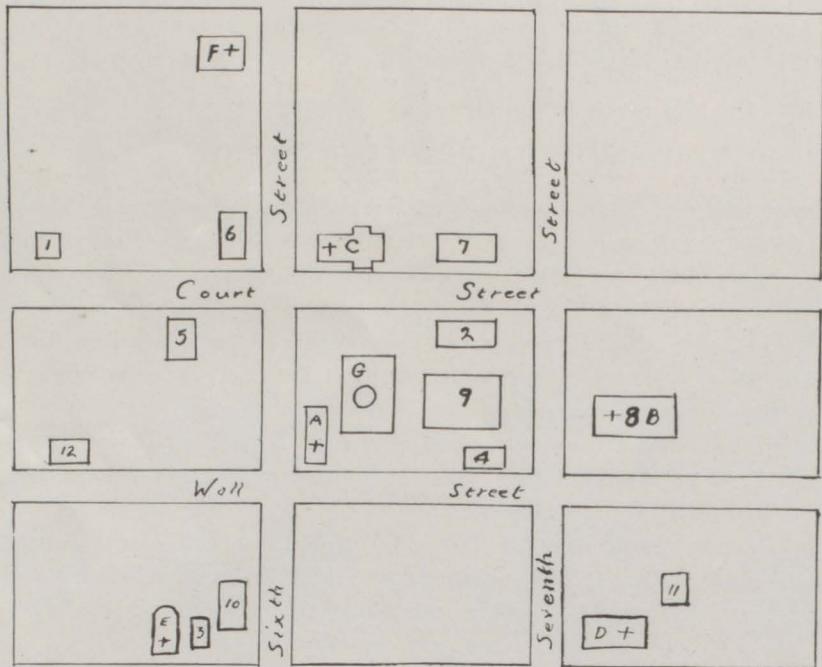
The Alumni Association of Port Huron High School could be made a wonderful organization if only co-operation could be secured. It is co-operation and that "get-together" spirit among the members that gains something and we are confident that the Alumni will *do things* this year.

### POR T HURON'S MARS HILL

Imagine yourself standing about sixty-five years ago on the north side of Wall Street opposite the present location of the library gazing on what was then called Court Square. This is what you would have seen: At the far side of the park an elevated area of sand with a crescentic ridge curving from the northwest to the southeast. In the foreground at the base of the ridge was a swale dotted here and there with bunches of wild *fleur-de-lis*; bordering the swale on the near side along Wall Street was a narrow board walk on stilts to keep the passers-by out of the wet; near the walk at the west border of the swale was a tamarack tree. At the east end of the walk and a little south, parallel with Sixth Street, was the old Episcopal Church, the back end of it rising from a six foot stone foundation, the front end of the church on a level with the top of the sand ridge and resting upon it. From the vestibule of the church a line of five or six large pine trees crowned the ridge and curved to the southwest. A large oak tree occupied a spot midway between Sixth and Seventh Streets on what is now Court Street. Your mind's eye has now looked upon the topography of the center of a small area on and around which more schools and educational factors have been located than upon any other similar area in Port Huron. Twelve buildings on, or immediately adjacent to, the Second Ward Park have been used for school purposes. Here six churches have

been erected and six church societies established. Here the first Port Huron High School came into being, and here our splendid library building found a most appropriate setting.

Dr. C. B. STOCKWELL—'69.



Location of educational factors that have been and are on, and adjoining, the Second Ward Park that was formerly called Court Square from which Court Street gets its name.

#### SCHOOLS

1. Private school in 1839 to 1842 taught by Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Hulin.
2. First public school on south side of Port Huron erected in 1842 containing two rooms. The east room was for advanced pupils taught by William Roach in 1857. Miss Mary Hoffman had charge of the west room. Miss Hoffman, now Mrs. Varney, lives at the present time in the city of Baltimore, Maryland, at the age of ninety years. Mr. Roach was an Irishman and familiarly known by the pupils as "Paddy" Roach.
3. Private school taught by John and Anderson Quay in the summer of 1846.
4. School kept in the Joe Follensby farmhouse.
5. School taught by Mrs. Pearly Morse, sister of Mr. S. J. R. Wastell.
6. Private school taught by John H. Mulford, a reputed Hebrew scholar.
7. Town Hall used as a school building while the old Washington School was being built. William Hartstuff and Miss Hoffman taught here.

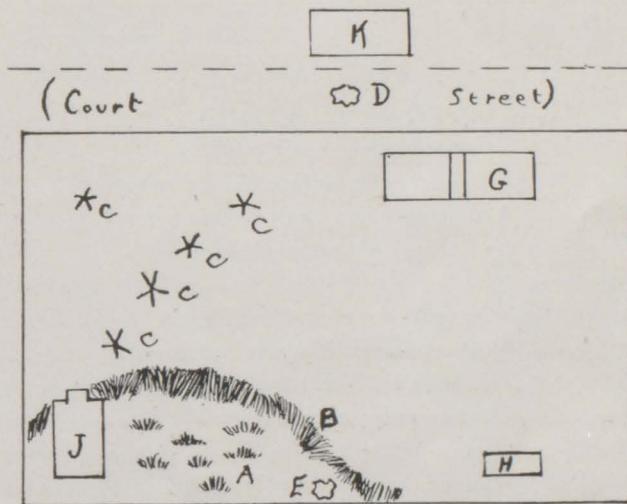
1921

- STUDENT -

1921

8. Private school in basement of Congregational Church taught by "Professor" Erastus Smith in 1860.
9. Old Washington School erected in 1859-1860 in which the High School was founded.
10. Mrs. S. L. Ballentine established a private school in the second story of this building, a carpenter shop, and later she founded the Somerville School for ladies at St. Clair.
11. St. John's Evangelical parochial school.
12. Business College established and taught by Prof. J. R. Goodyear.

Churches: A. Old Episcopal (Grace) Church, 1854.  
B. First Congregational Church, 1859.  
C. Present Episcopal (Grace) Church.  
D. St. John's Evangelical Church.  
E. Universalist Church.  
F. First Church of Christ, Scientist.  
G. English Lutheran Church.  
O. Library.



#### EARLY TOPOGRAPHY OF SECOND WARD PARK

- A. Swale with fleur-de-lis.
- B. Ridge dividing swale from higher area of sand beyond.
- C. Pine Trees.
- D. Oak tree.
- E. Tamarack tree.
- G. Old brown school house divided into two rooms by hallway.
- H. Follensby house used as school.
- J. Old Episcopal Church.
- K. Old Town Hall.

DR. C. B. STOCKWELL—'69.

Dr. Charles Bliss Stockwell was born March 15, 1851, and is consequently just past his seventieth year. In point of service he is the senior physician of the city and has always been accorded the distinction of ranking as one of the best.

In addition to his medical skill, he is the possessor of an exceptionally fine voice that the public, and especially the Church to which he belongs, has for over fifty years enjoyed.

He has been both student and teacher in the Port Huron High School and closely identified with all its educational interests. He is still in active practice and his remarkable tenor voice shows no sign of depreciation.

Here's hoping his usefulness may long continue.

PROFESSOR NICHOLAS CAWTHORNE, E. S. M.—'21.

## THE GIRLS

They say we haven't spirit,  
They say we haven't pep,  
But who is it hollers at the games  
And boosts our high school's rep?  
That's the girls.

Who works and washes dishes  
At the parties, I'll ask you now?  
The boys just love to stand and boss,  
They're only learning how.

Though the boys now lead athletics,  
It won't be long I'll bet,  
When our Girls' League gets started  
We'll show them something yet.

And when great wonders happen  
Around this school some day  
The boys will gaze about them,  
And sheepishly will say,  
"That's the Girls."

M. SEAGRAVE—'21.



## SUCCESS

**S**AY did you ever bother your head enough to figure out just what success is? Man alive, it's simple! "Success is the elimination of the distance between two points, the one you want to leave and the one you wish to reach." There you have it. O, ho, but notice—"the one you wish to reach." That is important. You must have a goal toward which you work—and work you must! What's the use of working if you don't get anywhere? It is the same as an auto stuck in the mud—and without chains.

You must have a goal in life, something you want to reach most of all. Set your eye on it! Keep it there! And then—work, work, and work some more!—EDITOR.

## REMINISCENCES

Here we are at the end of four years' work, leaving our High for a deeper plunge into the waters of Life. We regret leaving this old school, yet we are also glad. Regretful because we shall leave many friends, and we, ourselves, shall take different paths; glad because it symbolizes a mile-stone in our lives, the mile-stone of something definitely done. Some of us shall continue to hover around Life's surging way and shall go to college. How we wish that all might cast their fortunes there! Others will breast the tide, start Life's struggle now, and fight their way to success.

The old school has found a place in our hearts, a place of reverence and respect. We stand in the portals and cast one last, lingering glance backward. Have we proved ourselves worthy, worthy of old Port Huron High and of the friendships formed?

Yours for success,

THE EDITOR.

## I CAN'T!

How do you know you can't? You never tried. There are so many people in this school as well as in this world who are always saying "I can't" whenever anything is asked or proposed. These people generally have no ideals or ambitions. They have no desire to rise in the world. If they would only take a brace and say "I can" they would surprise themselves.—LITERARY EDITOR.

## CHEATS

What is a cheater? It is any person who does not do everything openly, and by strictly honest means. He thinks he can keep himself from being discovered but there is no need to try—any one can tell. In school a cheater is looked upon with no respect; he has no honors thrust upon him; his friends are not of a high order. In after life he is scorned by business men and women, as well by his personal friends and acquaintances. He will never be a true success in anything. Why not be strictly honest in school and get the habit? There is so much more satisfaction in it. Let's try!—LITERARY EDITOR.

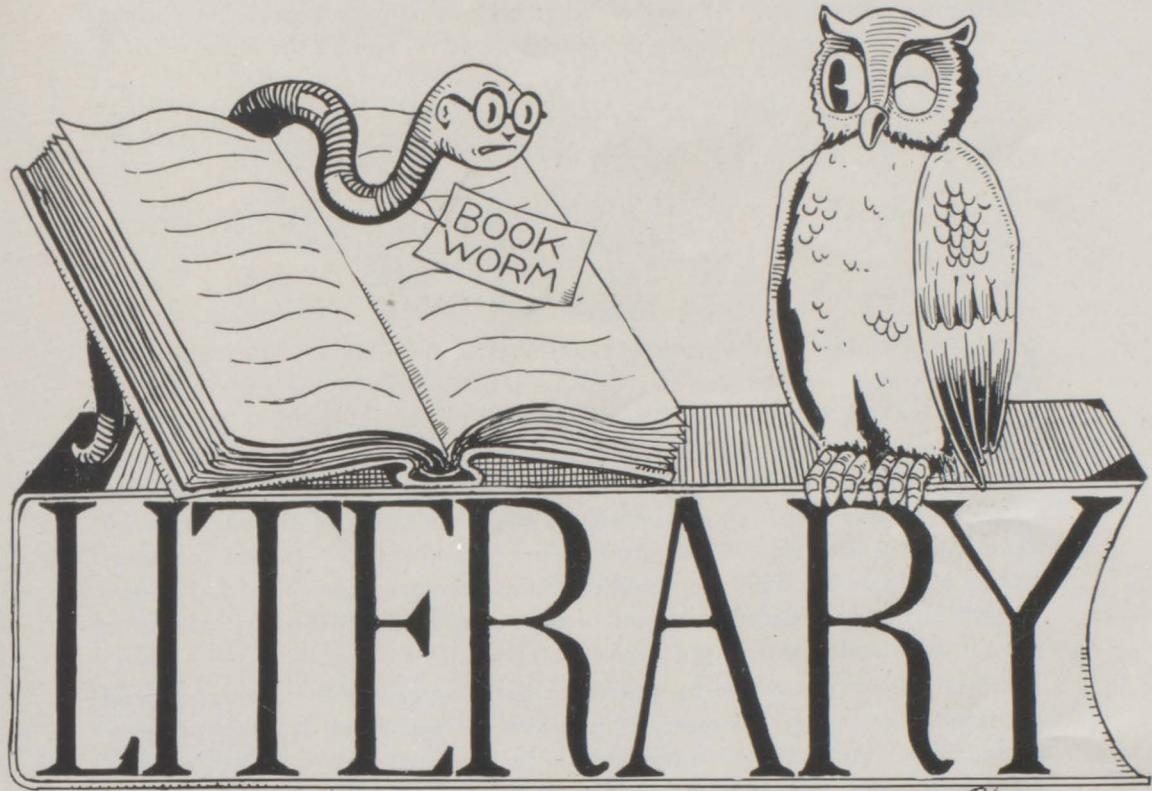
## BORROWING

"May I borrow your pencil?" "May I borrow some paper?" "Have you your chemistry done? Let me take it?" All these are common utterances in all High Schools in general and P. H. S. S. is not an exception. Any subject may be substituted for Chemistry. There are a certain few who always have their assignments prepared and are overwhelmed with just such pleas. Generally they are so lenient and tender-hearted as to yield. Why would it not be the best thing in the world for those dependent students not to be so tenderly dealt with? Let's start a campaign for a school of Independents, and not have so many dependent "clauses" around! They are a menace to the raising of our standards.—LITERARY EDITOR.

## SCHOOL AIMS

Our school is an institution wherein we have the privileges of learning. The aims of our school are to grant to the students in attendance the opportunities for learning as much in the various branches offered therein as are granted by any high school. P. H. H. S. aims to raise the standards of the individual and not send out students "cut from the same pattern." It tries to develop individuality.

But school and its aims differ widely from the students and their aims. The average student attends High School out of obedience to the desires of his or her parents rather than from any ambition of his or her own. This does not apply to each and every student—only in a general way. Their aims are, usually, only as high as are their own desires—not their parents. If the student who leaves P. H. H. S. does not measure up to her standards it is that individual's fault. There are some—and their numbers are not a few—who have "hitched their wagon to a star." On the other hand there are many who come to while away time, never thinking of studying more than is absolutely necessary. If every student would avail him and herself of every opportunity P. H. H. S. offers and go at the work in the proper spirit the general standard of our school would be raised to a higher degree.—LITERARY EDITOR.



### PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

As we look back upon our four years of school life we wonder what we have done. Perhaps the first thing that enters our minds is the consciousness of having conquered four years of distressing studies. But there are other things—perhaps more valuable to us than all the knowledge we have acquired during that period.

There are the friends we have made, the honors we have enjoyed, whether on the athletic field or in the class-room and briefly—that is what we have achieved.

And hand in hand with Achievement walks Aspiration. The value of high aims is not realized by many but from time immemorial, philosophers have understood their worth. Tryon Edwards said, "High aims form high characters, and great objects bring out great minds." J. Hawes advises us to "Aim at the sun, and you may not reach it; but your arrow will fly higher than if aimed at an object on a level with yourself," and J. R. Lowell reminds us that "Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

However, high aims alone never built anything but air castles and if we would realize our aspirations we must remember the words of Joshua Reynolds who says that "Nothing is denied to well-directed labor and nothing is ever to

be attained without it." It may be true that opportunity knocks but once at every man's door, but it is poor policy at best to sit around the house waiting for it to knock.

High aims and hard work are indispensable to success, that goal we all strive to reach. May you all have the good fortune to attain success.

JACK TAYLOR,  
President of the Class of '21.

### CLASS HISTORY

ONE fine day in the month of September in the year 1917, a motley band was seen approaching the well known "Institution for Improving the Mind" on Erie Street. They had heard the guarantee of this establishment to cure any case of illiteracy (except those too far gone) in four years and had decided to try it. It was a scorching day. Beads of perspiration caused by fear as well as heat, stood out upon the brows of the shaky, much discomfited, Freshmen. With quivering hearts and several stubbed toes they gained access to the auditorium—later to be familiarly known as A. H.—not without incurring the disdainful and amused glances of the Seniors, who were more learned and who occupied Room M.

Nothing of importance happened the first day except that Francis Appel got into the chemistry laboratory by mistake and was found later draped over a sand bath. An open chloroform bottle in his hand explained that Francis' inquisitive nature had led him to this deed. Near by, gracefully curled around the Kipp's apparatus, was found the inert body of John Allen, who had likewise fallen under the charm of the Elysian draught. His clothes were saturated with carbon di-sulphide, but a few rides in his Ford soon remedied that.

The class, however, settled down to serious thoughts long enough to elect officers. These were: Rowden Kilets, president; Dorothy Orr, vice-president; Doris Green, Secretary; Robert White, treasurer; Herbert Noel, Sergeant-at-Arms, and the advisors were Miss Chapin and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The teachers chosen to carefully restrain and guard this flock were Miss Mueller and Miss Howard.

By this time the Seniors had overlooked the discrepancies of the Freshmen sufficiently to invite them to the Senior-Freshman party. Indeed, some Seniors (masculine) had unbent so far as to help Freshmen girls with their Latin, but they did it merely out of charity, of course. The party was quite a success and the Freshmen made a brilliant debut. Refreshments were served and Russel Simms broke all previous records in the consummation of food which has still remained unchallenged.

After an enjoyable vacation, most of the Freshmen came back and assumed the role of Sophomore. Frank Allen proudly displayed a coat of tan to his classmates, as his complexion had always been a source of annoyance to him. The Sophomores were more reckless than they had been. Frequent visits were made

—and not voluntarily either—to Mr. Hungerford's office and the seats occupied by them in the seventh hour session rooms were conspicuous by their emptiness.

Not long after the opening of school the election of officers took place. The following were the class choice: Wm. Hartman, president; Mavis Warner, Vice-President, later president; Frances Smith, secretary; Russell Simms, treasurer.

The social event of this year was the Sophomore party. Dancing (?) was enjoyed and participated in more than it had been previously, and to quote the "Daily Scream," a "good time was had by all." A fine banquet served in the basement of the school satisfied even the ravenous appetites of Russell Simms and Roy Stewart. During this year the Sophomores had gained self-confidence. No longer did they fear the Seniors! With disdain they looked back upon their Freshman year and with pleasure they anticipated their Junior year.

From bold recklessness to social gayety the class passed as they entered their Junior year. The class had lost many of its members because of the war. Not by death but because of the tantalizing wages offered in the neighboring factories. Naturally, the first result of this was the Junior party. One of the painful (?) events of the evening was the experimenting by Jay Corsant of his newly acquired dancing ability upon all the female victims he could secure. Luckily their feet soon became paralyzed so that the operation was less annoying as the evening passed on. About the same time Herbert Noel, be-aproned and with wilted collar, endeavored to force an ice cream freezer to give up its contents by employing a flexible teaspoon. Needless to say, he reimbursed himself with sufficient ice cream to merit his labor. The party was certainly lively.

Previously to this the usual offices had been filled. Francis Appel was elected president; Frances Smith, vice-president; Eleanor Meisel, secretary; Geo. McInnis, treasurer. Miss Woodward and Miss Blake were chosen for class advisors.

The Junior-Senior party was entered into enthusiastically by the Juniors. As usual, dancing was the pastime. There were barrels of punch and everybody had all they wanted! The clean-up squad the next day helped to put the finishing touches on the punch as well as the school.

The Senior year was a joy and a sorrow to the class—joy because they were at least Seniors—sorrow because they must work as never before. Early in the first term the guiding officers were placed at the helm of the class: Geo. McInnis, president; Eleanor Meisel, vice-president; Ruth Schuck, secretary; Kenneth De Graw, treasurer; Herbert Noel, sergeant-at-arms. Jack Taylor was elected president for the second semester. The advisors were Miss Northrup and Miss Bywaters. The rapids to be passed in the hitherto sea of bliss was English 7, but after floundering for some time, the English course Seniors under the guidance of Miss Northrup, gained sufficient strength to pass safely through, and to prepare for the final dash—English 8.

An important addition to the Senior Class was Mr. Hugh Ward. His large-rimmed glasses and studious look were noticed by all and he was soon

snatched up as chairman of the Senior Council. Needless to say, his "Reign of Terror" will be remembered long after the Seniors are gray-headed.

The Senior-Freshman party was duly taken care of with each Senior guardian to at least a half-dozen Freshmen. Dancing, games, cider and doughnuts, and movies, filled the evening with joy.

Athletics were well supported by the Seniors as a large number of Seniors played on the various teams. There were also a good many Seniors on the girls' basket ball team, and, although they were able to play but one game, the Seniors had cause to be proud of them.

Their team marks the beginning of real girls' athletics in P. H. H. S. and it is to be hoped that it will not be the end.

Early in the year the monitor system was adopted by the Senior room. This was a great improvement for the students. A great many Seniors soon were able to talk without moving their mouths, and note-passing became a fine art like jiu-jitsu in order to avoid the ever watchful gaze of the monitors—Kenneth De Graw and Herbert Noel.

The year soon passed and graduating was before the Seniors. The usual feeling of mingled joy and sorrow were everywhere in evidence. As we look back over the past four years, we feel that our time in Port Huron High has been well worth while. The sorrows and joys we have known here form a link in the chain of memory which we shall never forget.

JANET MARSHALL AND GLADYS MCKAY—'21.

### CLASS WILL—1921

We, the members of the Senior Class of Port Huron High School, after four years of laborious study, being in the vigor of youth but mindful of the fact that our High School life is soon to terminate, do make and publish our last will and testament.

1. We will and direct that all our just debts and obligations the Sophomores and Juniors shall pay in full with deep gratitude of each member of our Senior Class.
2. I, EDWIN HOFFMAN, leave the parking space on the north side of the building to anyone who will appreciate it most.
3. I, FRANCIS APPEL, after long moments of meditation, leave my beaming smile to the untiring efforts of Bill Duff.
4. I, WAYNE FRINK, leave my successful graduation as an incentive to any doubtful Junior.
5. I, HELEN JENKS, leave my sweet disposition to Mac. Waterworth—free of charge.
6. I, JACK TAYLOR, leave my ability to make the grade on high to Jimmy Watson with the best o' luck.
7. I, ELEANOR MEISEL, leave all my knowledge in general to Gabel McCowan, hoping she will dispose of it to the best advantage.
8. I, BYRON PHILP, leave my athletic ability to "Chic. Harley."

9. I, RUSSEL SIMMS, bequeath to Bob White my ability to "hit the ivories" along with a metronome.

10. I, NINA POWRIE, leave the Glee Club to themselves, knowing they successfully pass on.

11. I, EUGENE DIMICK, leave my dramatic ability to anyone who is foolish enough to take it.

12. I, ELIZA COWAN, leave my character sketch of Ophelia to all the future "Hamlet" students.

13. I, HUGH WARD, bequeath my green suit to the school as a remembrance of my presence in P. H. H. S.

14. I, FRANK ALLEN, after much consideration, leave to Katherine Philbrick anything I have which her heart may desire.

15. I, ELAINE SCHELL, leave in my locker No. 131 a complete History VIII note book at the tender mercies of the P. H. H. S. students.

16. I, GUY MANUEL, leave my method of laborious application to studies to Bud Mueller and Harwood Fenner.

17. I, JOHN ALLEN, leave all my saved energy from misconduct to "Kenny" Carlisle whom I trust will make best use of it.

18. I, KENNETH DE GRAW, bequeath to the luckiest person of the Junior Class my job of counting the Senior shekels.

19. I, JEANNE RYAN, leave my past record to the highest bidder.

20. I, CARL HOLTH, in a serious state of mind bequeath my ability to bluff to the most bashful person in school.

21. I, HERBERT NOEL, leave my distinct style of dress to the best looking boy in the class of '22 on condition that he appear as gracefully as I have in the past.

22. I, RUTH SCHUCK, with much sorrow bequeath to John Howard the reliable office as secretary along with a dictograph which is to be used in composing notes.

23. I, DORIS GREEN, bequeath my height to Harold Cochrane.

24. I, ALBERT DIXON, leave my fluency in French to the most needful person (who couldn't need it any worse than I do).

25. I, ROSABEL LEE, leave my "gymn" suit to the class of '22.

26. To the whole school we leave any back work to be made up complete as we would have it done.

27. We, the class, uphold to the class of '22 the loyalness, faithfulness and great help of our advisors, Miss Bywaters and Miss Northrup, and bequeath them to your fortunate class.

Signed this twenty-first day of April in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-one.—SENIOR CLASS—'21.

E. N. SCHELL—'21.

## CLASS PROPHECY 1921

IT was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. My friend and I had finished our shopping and were leisurely strolling along the busy main street of the city of Lyons in France. We stopped to peer into a beautiful window of French laces and embroidery, just ahead of which hung a huge sign very attractively decorated with French art. Naturally when we turned away from the window this large obstacle in view drew our attention, and we stopped and read, "Professor Reno, world's greatest mind-reader and hypnotist. Welcome to those who wish to fathom the many problems of the great unknown." This, of course, was written in the foreign language, but as my friend was of that country she readily translated it for me.

After meditating dubiously for some time as to whether we should enter or not, we finally walked up the long dark stairway, being unable to resist the fascinating mystery of it all. The large panel door, at which we knocked, was opened by a middle-aged woman beautifully gowned in Parisian clothes, who ushered us in to an elegantly-furnished room. It was not long before I was asked to go alone into the adjoining room where I was received, much to my surprise, by a very human-looking, feeble old man with white hair. He led me to an upholstered chair where I sat down, and found myself facing a large glass sphere. I was first asked what I would most like to know. After thinking for a few minutes my mind began to wander back to the days of 1921 in Port Huron High School, and I thought what a wonderful thing it would be to hear again about my old classmates. I was now asked to look steadily into the globe before me, and as I did so I felt myself gradually falling—falling away. However, I soon reached the bottom where I was lightly bounded into a beautiful garden. Seated there was a pretty young lady of my own age. She seemed very friendly, and appearing to have a wide knowledge began to talk to me about my classmates, much to my interest and joy.

She began with *Eliza Cowan* whom I remembered so well as having been our literary editor on the Student Staff. She is now assistant editor for the Detroit News. *Jay Corsaut*, who still retains his pink cheeks and innocent baby smile, is a famous actor in plays for children. *De Mille*, the great play producer on a trip to Port Huron had cast his eyes upon fair *Corinne Ryden* as the sweet innocent character of his "Egyptian Harem," and *Ruth Moore* as his vampire star of the same play. *Eugene Black* has become very wealthy as a result of inventing an efficient shock absorber which he first experimented with on a South Park car. Four long years of hitting the high spots on this line gave him the inspiration. *Thelma Berkley* has become the greatest suffragette of the country. She is even contemplating running for governor of Michigan. *Albert Dixon*, relenting of his wayward ways, has sought his abode in a monastery, where he expects to gain forgiveness. *Ruth Schuck* and *Eugene Dimmick* are touring the European countries on their honeymoon in the famous Wills St. Claire car of Marysville. *Helen Black* will reach the limit as soon as the fastest in her Ladies' Taxi System which she has just organized with herself

as chief. *Francis Appel*, though the originator of the Bachelors' Club and a confirmed believer in its rules, against his will was helplessly caught in the web of matrimony at the age of forty. *Olive Bradley* and *Janet Marshall* are Physical Directors in two of the largest universities. Their interest was aroused through their success at basketball in P. H. H. S. *Herbert Noel*, who has been studying art in France for the past five years, married his model and is now working on a painting which he expects to place in a French art gallery. *Eleanor Meisel* as a reporter on the Society Staff of the New York Times, is delving into the depths of the social scandals of that great Cosmopolis. However, her recently announced engagement will soon take her from her work, and *Winifred Powell*, her efficient protege and under-study, expects to take her place. *Edward Parsons*, whose deep intellect often soars to higher levels, is in the aerial mail service between Europe and America. *Helen Jenks* has become head dietician in Detroit Harper hospital. Of late she has made many lectures along this line before the public. *Donald Sperry* is Port Huron's human fly. He reached the top of Knox's store on hands and knees—mostly knees. It is believed he said his prayers before reaching the bottom. *Frances Smith*, shortly after graduation, took up farming on a scientific scale at M. A. C. It is surely a pleasing sight to see this young woman in her new farmerette costume feeding her flock of chickens. *Lila Miller* and *Louise Gruel* are running a Ladies' Manicure Parlor. Their new invention has been quite profitable; that is, the system of making women satisfied with their noses, by having them shined by a manicurist rather than powdering them. *Russell Simms* is a retired millionaire, having made his money from leading a notorious Jazz Band. *Lillian Duck* is a professional swimming teacher. No wonder! It shows what's in the name! *Jack Taylor* has realized his greatest ambition for which he was in training in the class of '21. He is now President of the United States. *Roy Stuart*, to the surprise of all his friends, has become a pronounced woman-hater. *Lillian Fox* and *Mildred Ludy* have overcome their modesty and are now playing in the Follies of 1930. *Eldred Miller*, the "cut-up" of the class of '21, is a butcher in the city of Chicago. *Wayne Frink*, with the aid of his assistant Mr. Bluff, has made great success in his business career. His only desire now is for a wife. No woman yet has filled the requirements, and since the end of the list is near at hand it is feared he is doomed to stay single. *Rosabel Lee*, after graduating from U. of M., instead of becoming a Latin teacher with specs and wrinkles, wasted her life on a mere man. How pathetic when life is the dearest thing on earth. *Annabelle Sickles* is a lady physician in Port Huron. She gained much of her experience in the surgical line by experimenting with bugs in her childhood. *Carl Holth* is assistant basketball coach at U. of M. He does not fail to impress upon his players the necessity of tying their shoelaces when they come undone. *Jeanne Ryan* is travelling in South America, accompanying a wealthy lady whose private secretary she is. However, as her wedding with a 1920 graduate of P. H. H. S. is to take place shortly, she expects to return soon. *Kenneth Degraw* is an engineer graduate of Boston Tech. He is designing a suspension bridge to cross from Sarnia to

Port Huron. *Winifred Colville* has become a prominent public speaker in women's clubs in Pittsburgh. She usually chooses subjects pertaining to life and its many joys. *Frances Holland*, after spending a part of her life posing for magazine covers, settled down to happy married life. *Franklyn Cowles* is the leading acrobat in vaudeville at the Temple Theatre, Detroit. He has been offered a much better salary to become leader of the Salvation Army, but it is rumored he prefers his present vocation. *Dorris Green* who, after graduating from a Ladies' College, became a private detective, soon detected the man she loved and married him. *Colburn Beedon* has become a preacher in a noted English cathedral. In carrying his profession across the ocean he did not fail to take with him his dearest friend *Omer Bartow*, who is choirmaster in the same church. *Martha Hayman* and *Mary VanValkenburg* have gone into the Tea Room business in which they share and share alike. How sad that this is their motto when they are in love with the same man! *Byron Philps* is the country's greatest athlete. After several years of much publicity and travelling, he has settled down to married life and takes great pleasure in coaching High School teams of his home city. *Mabel Smith* is enjoying herself at the wonderful City of Atlantic, where she spends her valuable time combing the beach in a bathing suit and picture hat. *Donald Ross* is the star in his company of Shakespeare players. He excels in *Macbeth*. *Bethel Smith* is operating a new one-man street car which she manages very successfully. However, she is contemplating taking a position in Detroit which was offered her recently, as a librarian. *John Allen* and *Frank Allen* have gone into the Barnum & Bailey circus as snake charmers. The outside world was too wild for them. *Gladys McKay*, known for her public speaking and special reports, is now an English teacher at P. H. H. S. *Merle Ashley* and *Bertrand Baker* are traffic officers on Woodward avenue, Detroit. However, their eyes are too often attracted elsewhere than on their duty, and the traffic is allowed to run unrestrained. *Reta McGennett* is travelling in Turkey for a Toledo concern. She has developed a mania for oriental rugs many of which she expects to bring back with her. *Russell Fenner* is running an elevator in the Port Huron High School which has attained ten stories. *Edwin Hoffman* is a famous auto racer. His greatest accomplishment was the tour of the world in five days. *George McInnis* is a missionary in India. He is converting the heathen by thousands through his worthy examples and persuasion. *Grace Thorne* has just completed a celebrated book, "The Trail of Peace and Contentment." She is very proud of being its author and expects to continue her work. *Guy Manuel* and his wife are teaching ball-room dancing. He soon expects to retire on his money made from this natural profession. *Nina Powrie* is a secretary to C. H. Wills in the extensive company of Wills-Lee. *Samuel Stecher*, one of our quiet classmates, is a comedian in the Gaiety Theatre, Detroit. A humorous man cannot be kept down. *Hazel Sawden* graduated just recently as a dentist. She is gaining a fine practice, and makes a specialty of false teeth. *Arthur Taylor* has started in the business of gents' furnishings. He fits them out with canes, spats, silk hats, n'everything. *Florence Schoenrock* is a phycologist and ex-

plorer in the unknown regions of South Africa. Her life is in great danger in this study of the human race, and she is always in fear of making tender eating for the cannibals. *Eldon Stocks* has grown to be a man of fifteen feet. He is the tallest giant ever known, and is kept as a curiosity in Washington. *Elaine Schell*, after successfully obtaining a divorce from her husband, is now the leading lady in one of the Grand Operas of the day. *Hugh Ward* is a member of the House of Representatives of the State of Michigan. Few bills ever pass when he is an opposer. He received his debating experience in English eight classes at old P. H. H. S. where he so enjoyed trying to sway Miss Northrup.

A few years after graduation, English eight and especially Hamlet's words to Ophelia, "Get thee to a nunnery," began to play upon the mind of *Helen Brown*. So she took consolation in becoming one of these veiled sisters in a convent where she is now teaching music. *Genevieve Scramlin*, a Boston architect, is working on her latest attempt for that city, a building of fifty stories. Though not wishing anyone bad luck she prefers to bestow upon someone else the honor of being first to promenade the fiftieth story. *Gladys Mitchell*, by her bravery of late in rescuing several people from a very large fire which she so successfully extinguished, has been promoted to Chief of Fire Department in Port Huron. It has always been surmised that it would take the level head of a woman to reach the top of the ladder first.

Now I had learned the long and exciting story of my friends and their various destinies. I still looked toward the beautiful woman who had so charmed me, as if I were waiting for her to tell me more; but suddenly I felt myself moving upward, and as I reached the top the smiling face of the old hypnotist reappeared to me very dimly, and slowly. I was soon myself again on terra firma and after rejoining my friend in the outer office we made our way out into the sunshine, where I related to her my wonderful dream for which I would not have taken a great sum of money.

MARION SEAGRAVE—'21.

## SENIOR POEM

We hail the day that marks for us another victory won;  
The sweet reward of years of toil, of tasks and lessons done;  
But while we feel the thrill of joy, regrets will mingle still,  
And hearts with deep emotion swell, and eyes with tears o'erfill.  
For we must sever tender ties, must part with friends grown dear,  
And leave the scenes we've learned to love with every passing year.

No more for us the clanging gong may sound its summons loud;  
No more o'er desk and problems deep our aching heads be bowed;  
But life holds problems deeper still than any we have met,  
And lessons harder far to learn than we have mastered yet.  
"He only conquers who endures" which cheers us on afar,  
For who would be a victor and wear no battle scar.

Let courage then our hearts inspire—chase tears and gloom away.  
Let youth and hope and joy have sway on this our festal day.  
We'll pledge once more a brimming health to friends and teachers dear,  
And to our Alma Mater give one loud and rousing cheer.  
Yet let us sing one parting song to happy days gone by,  
Then turn to meet life's duties stern with purpose true and high.

MARY M. VAN VALKENBURG—'21.



## EIGHTEEN AND A DRESS SUIT

JOHN was disillusioned—positively disillusioned! He was through with women forever—at eighteen! Women, reflected John, were unfathomable, cunning, sly, deceitful, treacherous. Why women were—! ?—!!!—'!!

But there, I am too much of a lady to tell you all John thought about women, and besides, all the dashes, dots, and explanations in the world could never have expressed John's opinion of women at that moment. John's mood was strangely at variance with his surroundings. Seated on the log bench under the rose hedge, it seemed impossible to think anything but nice rosy thoughts. His thoughts, however, were far from rosy. He had just received a terrible shock. The shock was in the form of Jane Ellen—but there, I believe I've broken Poe's 469th rule. One really mustn't get ahead of his story. So to begin at the beginning—

You know, there are three stages in the development of the modern young man. They are: 1, his first date; 2, the first time he "slams" his best girl; 3, the first time his best girl "slams" him. The first experience may be described as sweet, the second as bitter-sweet, but the third—ah! it is bitter!

John had just passed through the third stage, so it is very easy to see why his thoughts were not rosy. It all began with that beastly invitation, he reflected. Two bids to the T. G. P. dance had put the crimpers in him. One bid, of course, was for himself, and the other for the lady of his choice.

The T. G. P. was socially exclusive—at least it was the height of anyone's social ambitions who lived in Wheaton, especially, say, if you were eighteen. Now, it follows that if you had received two bids to the T. G. P. party, you'd naturally invite your best girl.

Jane Ellen was John's best girl. Blue eyed, golden haired, dimpled—she's the kind that perhaps you've thought never really existed outside of a fairy tale. Jane Ellen did exist, however, in fact she existed in the house right next door to John's. John intended to ask Jane Ellen until Ardis came along. Now it wasn't that John had never seen Ardis before, and was suddenly struck by her dazzling beauty; and it wasn't that he was unduly fickle either; but the catastrophe was due to the fact that Ardis was a social climber.

She knew John had two bids to the T. G. P. party, she knew she wanted a bid to the T. G. P. party, and what's more she knew she was going to get it. Armed with the knowledge of these three things Ardis was positively invincible. Of course, she won out.

Then the trace of the tragic entered into our tale. John had the bid, he had the girl, but he had no dress suit. This last circumstance was not in itself an unusual phenomena, most young snips of eighteen haven't a dress suit. (Shh! This is a secret!) They rent 'em or wear their big brother's. Fortunately or unfortunately, there was no place in Wheaton to rent a dress suit, and also John had no big brother. What's more, John's expenditures never kept pace with his allowance, so he couldn't buy one.

John sat in his father's den, pondering over this weighty problem. Two

bids + one girl—one dress suit =? It was too much for poor John. If he could only raise the money to buy one! Of course, the money would have to be raised from dad.

After the manner of all diplomatic sons in need of money, John sat in eloquent silence until Dad should finish his evening's paper. To all appearances John was deeply engrossed in a volume of Scheele's Psychology, but truth to tell he wasn't even thinking of Scheele's Psychology for his optic powers were, from time to time, concentrated on the back of Dad's red plaid smoking jacket which had been designed and executed by Aunt Abigail as a Christmas present to Dad.

It was a red-blue-green plaid broadcloth, cut on straight determined lines. Aunt Abigail's avocation was embroidery, and it was her boast that there were forty-nine different stitches on that coat! The stitches were utilized in the execution of yellow sunflowers in double rows down the back, and in cattail stitching around the bottom. The buttons were of a dazzling purple, and the whole coat was lined in turkey-red satin. As a crowning touch to this work of art, Aunt Abigail had added a tuxedo collar of plum colored satin.

John soon wearied of the inspection of the coat, and Dad finally wearied of his paper. The conversation began—and ended in a way that John had not expected. Dad was very emphatic that John would have no dress suit, and what was worse—that John was not going to the dance. You can see that John's problem was now infinitely worse. Two bids + one girl—one dress suit + *what Dad said!*

The fateful day arrived and John made his plans. He was going to the dance, and also he was going in a dress suit. The dress suit he intended wearing was Dad's. He had perfected all the plans necessary to the execution of his villainous project. Everything was so simple he was sure there could be no mishap. And there wasn't, at least not a first. Eight-thirty came and John went upstairs. Dad was sitting in the den at the end of the hall. This, of course, was entirely unlooked for. So John, feeling very much like a guilty culprit, was obliged to tip-toe into Dad's room. He was in a quandary, if he turned on the light he would surely be discovered. He groped his way to the clothes press and ran his hand over the clothes. He touched a satin collar. That was the dress coat; the trousers, however, required a longer search. But they were finally identified when he felt the braid down the sides. Solely by the sense of touch he found the rest of the necessary raiment, and covering his plunder up with his light overcoat, he repaired to the wood-shed. It was a black night and the street lights were out. A wood-shed is not the most desirable place for a gentleman's boudoir, but in emergencies it will do. He dressed hurriedly, and having neither a light nor a mirror, he was unable to view his final resplendent appearance. With many misgivings he donned his overcoat and left for Ardis.

In five minutes he was at Ardis'. She was waiting impatiently at the door with her wraps on. She scolded John roundly for being five minutes late, and

as soon as she had fully expressed herself on that subject, she complained that they should have taken a taxi. The T. G. P. hall was two blocks away and her pumps would be ruined! John's anticipations for an enjoyable evening began to sink. He felt very much like a little boy being scolded by his mother.

They finally arrived and found the vestibule crowded with Wheaton's "creme de la creme," and the traditionally stiff necked butler was there to divest them of their wraps. John removed his overcoat. He was thunderstruck! He ran his hand down the smooth Tuxedo collar—no, not the collar of Dad's dress suit, but the collar of Dad's famous turkey red smoking jacket!! John looked thunderstruck, (but Ardis looked more than thunderstruck). Ardis' face paled, and then blushed; the first blush she had ever been known to blush. It out-rivalled the turkey red smoking jacket in its vermillion splendor.

Vaguely John wished that the floor might swallow him up. The floor did no such obliging thing. Then he was aware that someone, or everyone, was remarking on his "trick" suit. Ardis put her cloak on again, and John willingly covered up his red brilliancy with his overcoat. They departed.

Ardis had nearly winded herself before their arrival, and now she seemed suicide-bent in the same direction. The maledictions she poured forth on poor John fell on deaf ears. He was numb. He tried to explain, but how could a fellow explain without making himself more ridiculous. They parted, however, in silence. For this brief respite from her tongue, at least, he was thankful.

John went home. He understood only too well, now, just what pattern Aunt Abigail had followed in making the smoking jacket, it was not the dictates of a variegated fancy. The poor woman had fashioned it after the plan of a gentleman's dress coat! It was no wonder that the smooth satin collar had fooled him in the dark! On the subject of his ensuing emotions let us pass over briefly; they were too painful.

Morning light, however, dispelled his black mood. He even managed to whistle an almost gay tune as he dressed. He looked out the window. Jane Ellen was in her garden. There, at least, thought John, was one person who would not go back on him. He strolled down into the garden. Jane Ellen was spraying the rose hedge with insecticide. With an insolent nonchalance, seemingly inherent in all young males, he lit his cigarette, and crossed through the hole in the hedge. Jane Ellen was surprised when John appeared; not that she thought he wouldn't come back, oh no!—they always do, just like lost puppy dogs. But she hadn't expected it quite so soon. Jane Ellen looked up with a disarming little smile. John failed to interpret that smile correctly.

"I say," he began lamely, between puffs at his cigarette, "I say, I don't believe I'd mind coming over to help you."

"Oh, do," said Jane Ellen. "I'm sure the rose bugs will be *delighted* with your company!" She swung up the path and was gone.

John sank limply on the little log bench under the rose hedge, in the position we found him at the beginning of our narrative. He was disillusioned, positively disillusioned. He was through with women forever! Women were

unfathomnable, cunning, sly, deceitful, treacherous! Why women were!!!—?"  
:—?!!!!

And they say it was almost *two weeks* before John was seen out with a girl!

HELEN DE WOLF.

### COLLEGE ALGEBRA

*With apologies to E. A. Guest*

You can talk about your lessons, and your mathematic airs,  
And your algebraic problems that Miss Chapin daily hears;  
But there isn't any pleasure when you go to class and find  
That the way you worked your problems doesn't work out to her mind.

When your supper time is over and you're learning how to say  
Some dreadful great big formula, then the work is under way,  
There's permutations, combinations, quadratics great and small,  
And when I come to levers, I cannot work at all.

There's a terror most dramatic in determinants, they say,  
When you work 'way up in millions and it takes you most all day;  
And I gaze at them in horror and progressories then I see,  
Then—I often sit and wonder what my final mark will be.

M. VANVALKENBURG—'21.

### QUESTION?

My Dearest:

Since leaving you last evening my thought have been ever with you. Can I ever forget you? As I work my inner consciousness thinks of you and my work is better for the inspiration so secured.

When I retired last evening two bright stars shone through my window and as I watched they seemed to be your eyes and your features gradually shaped themselves about them until I felt I was again looking at you. Do you think they will look at me tonight?

I am waiting now for the time I shall see you again. Almost a week—one hundred fifty-four hours—nine thousand two hundred forty minutes. I can't reduce it to seconds. I would despair of ever seeing them pass. But even as I write this they grow less and I am nearer to seeing you again.

I am sure if my teachers only knew how zealous I am when it comes down to what really counts I would be certain of graduating, of a position and then maybe of—YOU. Dare I dream of it?

Believe me, that I care only for you and

"Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,  
Woman's love no fable,  
I will love thee—half-a-year—  
As a man is able."

I am yours till the Great Lakes are as dry as the sands of the shore.

GUESS?

This short letter is a copy of one found in a Senior girl's note book.

## THE JO JO

The Jo Jo is a funny thing,  
 I don't see why it comes;  
 But every month with eager wings  
 It tells us that we're bums.

In English or some other class  
 It never makes a diff;  
 But father wields his iron hand  
 And gives us a good biff.

JOSEPHINE BECKTON—'21

## THE SAME OLD STORY

P. M.

11:00—Sets alarm for 6:30 A. M.  
 6:30—Alarm goes off. Decides to wait until clock downstairs strikes.  
 6:31—Clock downstairs strikes. Tries to think whether clock is fast.  
 6:35—Decides that clock is fives minutes fast. Sleeps.  
 6:45—Wakes up—decides to wait until he hears someone moving around downstairs.  
 6:50—Thinks he hears someone. Waits until he is sure.  
 6:55—Decides to get up after he counts fifty.  
 6:57—Loses count. Waits for clock to strike seven.  
 7:00—Clock strikes. Thinks he will wait until he smells coffee cooking.  
 7:10—Sticks toe out from under the covers. Groans and recalls toe, deciding to sleep until furnace heats up a little more.  
 7:45—Overslept—wonders if he can make it in fifteen minutes.  
 7:46—Bright idea comes to him that he has a study period first hour.  
 7:47—Goes back to sleep, praising himself for his good intentions.

ELEANOR MEISEL—'21.

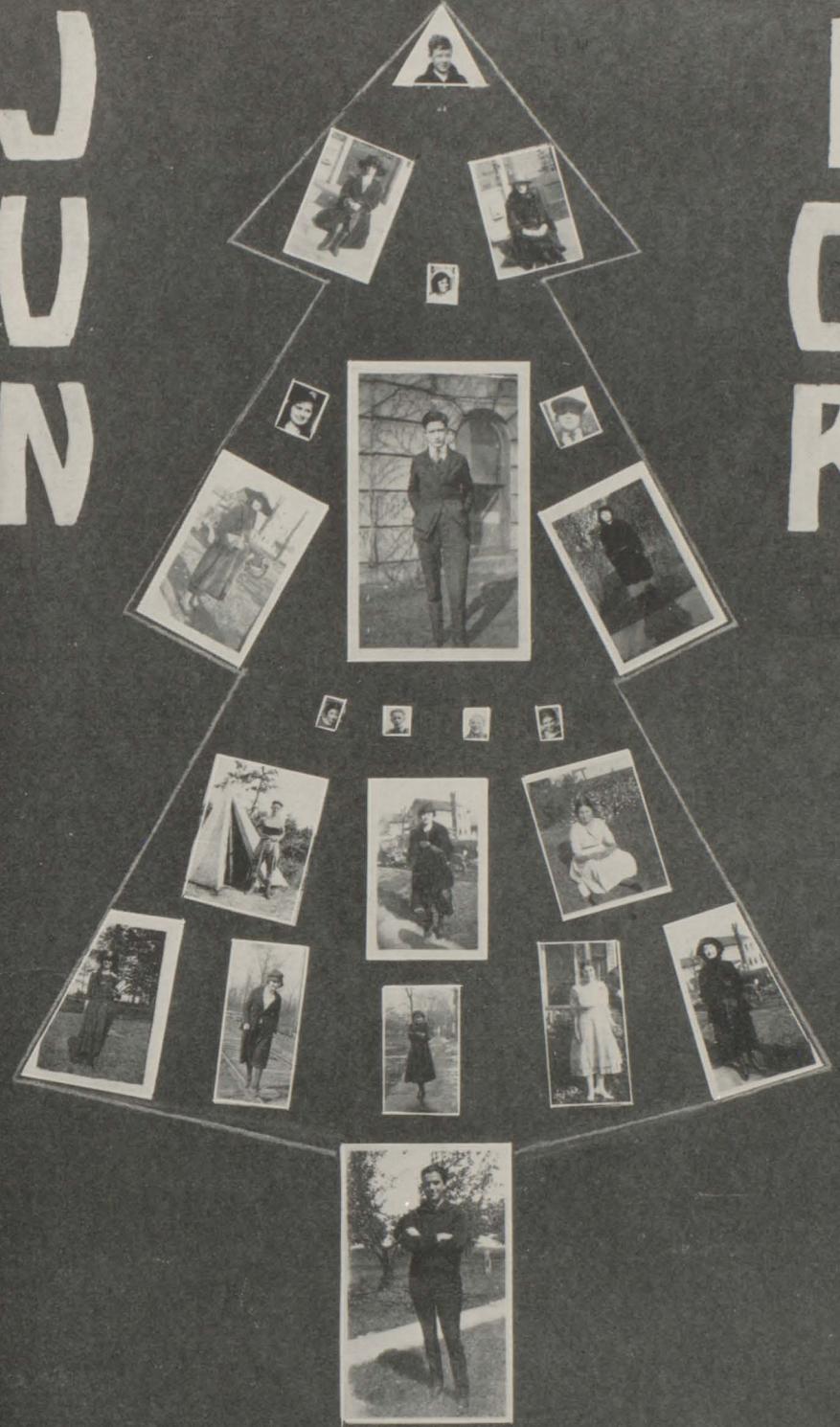
## MENU (INTERNACIONALE)

1. Irish Potato Soup.
2. Canadian Baked Bass.
3. French Fried Potatoes.
4. Boston Baked Beans.
5. Belgian Baked Rabbit.
6. Italian Spaghetti.
7. Russian Goulash.
8. Chop Suey.
9. Spanish Onion Salad.
10. English Plum Pudding.
11. Swiss Cheese and Scotch Short Bread.
12. Brazilian Coffee.

LUCILLE BERESFORD—'23.

J  
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# — — — ROSTER — — —

NAME	NICK-NAME	AS ADVERTISED	OCCUPATION	APPEARANCE
Frank Allan	"Frankie"	Time to retire.	Primping	Mischievous
Francis Appel	"Mike"	Grin and the world grins at you.	Resigning from office.	Amusing
Merill Ashley	"Mer"	Hotter than sunshine.	Sperry's	Shy
Omar Bartow	"Bony"	Turkish blends.	Yawning	Pensive
Josephine Beckton	"Joe"	There's a reason.	Using Hatpins.	Dignified
Colburn Beedon	"Beedon"	Safety first.	Monkeying	Manly
Thelma Berkeley	"Thelmie"	Slow but sure.	Advising Mr. Shutes (in the past).	Lively
Eugene Black	"Blackie"	Neat and natty.	Picking up fights.	Dreamy
Helen Black	"Stem"	System	Studying	Wistful
Olive Bradley	"Bud"	IComfy-cut	Bluffing	Bright
Helen Brown	"Bobs"	Say it with flowers.	Looking Wise.	Trim
Bertrand Baker	"B. H."	Have one you'll want more.	Doing Trig.	Stern
Eliza Cowan	"Liza"	Neat, not gaudy.	Boosting the Student.	Reckless
Franklin Cowles	"Dom"	We call for and deliver.	Wrecking "Tin Lizzies".	Promising
Winifred Colville	"Midge"	What millions ask for.	Nobody Knows.	Pouty
Jay Corsaut	"J"	Lucky strike.	Spending Bank Deposits.	Pale
Kenneth DeGraw	"Ken"	Children, get busy.	Collecting dues.	Giddy
Lillian Duck	"Lil"	Rain-proof.	Talking	Prim
Albert Dixon	"Dixie"	Speed, that's us.	Breaking up dates.	Dizzy
Eugene Dimick	"Dimick"	Gee, it's good.	Flirting	Wild
Lillian Fox	"Foxie"	Every piece a sweet surprise.	Star-gazing	Queenly
Russell Fenner	"Fen"	Still going strong.	Meandering	Crestfallen
Dorris Green	"Billy"	Quality counts.	Writing Notes.	Carefree
Wayne Frink	"Frink"	The flavor lasts.	Lovin' 'em up.	Sedate
Louise Gruel	"Lou"	None better.	Rouging	Demure
Edwin Hoffman	"Eddie"	Fast and fadeless.	Driving women around.	Innocent
Martha Hayman	"Maggie"	Good for all occasions.	Writing to Milwaukee.	Pernickity
Carl Holth	"Bunyon"	Mild but yet they satisfy.	Heart-breaking	Dashing
Frances Holland	"Fan"	The better kind.	Criticising	Snippy
Helen Jenks	"Skinny"	Built for comfort not for speed.	Being Happy.	Sober

NAME	NICK-NAME	AS ADVERTISED	OCCUPATION	APPEARANCE
Rosabel Lee.....	"Susie"	.....Have you a little fairy in your home...	Bossing	Flighty
Mildred Ludy.....	"Mii"	.....Others do, why not you?	Vamping	Chubby
Guy Manuel.....	"Geel"	.....His only rival.....	Fussing	Fair
George McInnis.....	"McP"	.....The man with service.....	Driving	Worried
Gladys McKay.....	"Skin"	.....Can't be beat.....	Joking	Beaming
Janet Marshall.....	"Jan"	.....Built of the best.....	Talking	Frightened
Elder Miller.....	"Millie"	.....There's only one.....	Growling	Handsome
Eleanor Meisel.....	"Baldy"	.....Ever ready.....	Making Cheese Sandwiches	Lean
Lila Miller.....	"La"	.....Best in the long run.....	Raising Cain	Tiny
Ruth Moore.....	"Ruthie"	.....No metal can touch you	Being Sweet	Cross
Herbert Noel.....	"Herbie"	.....Quality and quantity.....	Getting Cases	Un-fed
Edward Parsons.....	"Eddie"	.....Service our slogan.....	Winking	Frivolous
Winifred Powell.....	"Pat"	.....The smile wins.....	Latin	Fetching
Gladys Mitchell.....	"Mitzie"	.....We fit you right.....	Running Around	Loud
Byron Philips.....	"By"	.....Quality wins.....	Looking Innocent	Bashful
Nina Powrie.....	"Brownie"	.....Slow, sure, steady	Walking	Nifty
Jeanne Ryan.....	"Pinky"	.....The color that lasts.....	Waiting for the Mail?	Peppery
Donald Ross.....	"Macbeth"	.....We serve you right.....	Making Dates	Shocking
Russell Simms.....	"Russ"	.....The more you eat the more you want	Shimmying and eating cheese sandwiches	Hungry
Marion Seagraves.....	"Mallie"	.....Always ready.....	Making Baskets	Slight
Eldon Stocks.....	"Don"	.....Our record is clear.....	Enjoying Himself	Lofty
Elaine Schell.....	"Theda"	.....Guaranteed not to fade.....	Writing to U. of M.	Willowy
Florence Schoenrock.....	"Flo"	.....39.44% pure.....	Gibson's	Lean
Genevieve Scramlin.....	"Gene"	.....Milk-feet	Dieting	Imposing
Ruth Schuck.....	"Ruthie"	.....It's all in the curve.....	Posing	Shaky
Amabel Sickles.....	"Annie"	.....Keen-edge	Converting Heathens	Prim
Donald Sperry.....	"Don"	.....Sturdy as the oak.....	Waiting for a Call	Solemn
Hazel Sawdon.....	"Hazel"	.....The only kind.....	Disturbing	Retiring
Corinne Ryden.....	"Bye"	.....Be fair.....	Keeping Quiet	Blushing
Bethel Smith.....	"Beth"	.....You'll be satisfied.....	Looking Wild	Hectic
Mabel Smith.....	"Mae"	.....Better late than never.....	Writing to M. A. C.	Intoxicating
Frances Smith.....	"Smitty"	.....I've tried them all.....	Spoofing	Vigorous
Mary VanValkenburg.....	"Van"	.....His (?) master's voice.....	Keeping Donald Company	Pleasing
Jack Taylor.....	"Fretty"	.....Eventually, why not now?	Making Eyes	Romantic
Hugh Ward.....	"Slopsky"	.....Who's your tailor?	Orating	Fickle

## PROGRESS

1918

In nineteen hundred and eighteen  
 A little Freshman quick and keen,  
 Started on the upward way  
 To be a learned man some day.

1919

In nineteen hundred and nineteen  
 As a Soph not quite so green,  
 A splendid year as it turned out,  
 Great progress made without a doubt.

1920

In nineteen hundred and twenty  
 A Junior very proud was he,  
 But one more step he's yet to climb  
 To join the Seniors on their shrine.

1921

In nineteen hundred twenty-one  
 A laughing Senior full of fun,  
 For now the hardest work is past  
 And his goal he's reached at last.

ISABEL SMITH—'22.

## LUCK

1

You jump from your bed in the morning,  
 And yank the snarles from your pate,  
 The whistle has sounded a warning  
 And you know again you'll be late.

2

You hastily make your toilet,  
 Nor care much how you look;  
 You run all the way to school  
 And throw your coat at a hook.

3

With feet hardly touching the floor,  
 You almost reach the door,  
 But alas! the bell, ringing, sounds your death knell,  
 The council will get you once more.

OLIVE BRADLEY—'21.

## ANTOINE

THE lives of our old pioneers were very picturesque and most of the time beautiful. A strain of romance that has filtered down through the ages, lends its charm and delight to even that early age.

The Indians in their fancy, beaded costumes, sullenly sitting in their wigwams or dancing to the light of flaring torches, and the accompaniment of their own shrill voices.

Far down the river, a pioneer, with his wife and children, gazes far up the river, where he can almost see Detroit with its garrisons and soldiers. The vision melts away, and he awakes to the reality of howling wolves, barking squirrels, and all forms of animal life.

'Twas in 1800, that a group of these settlers landed on the bank of St. Clair River, with their families, to erect homes and provide another habitation in the wilderness.

One of these families, the Howes, located north of Bunce's Creek. Their cabin was soon built, with its large, cheery, fire-place, and they settled down in their new home.

A camp of Indians had their village directly across the river from Howe's. They proved friendly, and soon there was a great deal of friendly intercourse between the two settlements. Indeed, the friendship grew so strong that many white folk exchanged presents with the Indians on Christmas Day. The Indians, in return, held many of their celebrations and festivals on the west side of the river, so that the "white face, children of the great white father," could enjoy the same things as they themselves enjoyed.

One year, such a carnival was held about two days before Christmas. All the Indians were painted up, all had donned their feathers, and all were hilariously happy. Even some of the white people joined in the gala day.

Only one Indian, the chief, remained at home. He was Antoine, son of Grandmother Road, and the chief of the Indians. He was ninety-six years old, and his strength was failing fast. He was supported by his tribe, and many white people sent blankets, rugs, and cooking utensils over to him. He was a gentle old man, kind and generous to every one.

In the midst of the carnival, one small child, daughter of the Howe family, overheard her mother telling of Chief Antoine's illness and his feebleness. Well she remembered the baskets, beads and trinkets she had received from him. They were dear to her, and her heart filled with pity for the old man. She slipped from the crowd of merry-makers. Fastening her bright red cape around her closer, she ran down the bank and out on the frozen river. No thought of wild animals entered her thoughts. She was free from fear, and smiled to herself as she thought of how she had outwitted her parents.

She picked her way carefully across the ice, following the tiny green pine needles which the Indians had put on the surface of the ice to indicate where the ice was safe. She reached the Canadian side safely, scrambled up the bank, and made her way to Antoine's tent in the center of the village.

"Antoine, Antoine," she called cheerily at the entrance of his lodge. "It's the white baby come to see you. Can I come in?"

"Hugh! white man's baby welcome. She come in. See Antoine."

She tripped in, her childish face aglow with the thought of being with the kindly old man. She walked to the side of the couch where he lay, and gravely offered him a long sticky piece of maple sugar. He nodded his head in denial.

"Baby eat," he smiled.

They talked and talked, the child eagerly asking questions; the old chief gravely answering.

"White squaw know where papoose is?" suddenly inquired the old man.

The child's face crimsoned, guiltily. "No, mamma home." Then her face brightened. "Antoine can take me home?"

He nodded assent. Without a word of complaining, or a word of the wracking pain, he arose slowly, wrapped his blanket around him, took his cane, and led the child with her other hand.

They reached the bank of the river, neither speaking; the child thinking of her disobedience, the old man filled with dread thoughts for the welfare of his "white baby."

"Oh!" cried the child, "Antoine, the ice is moving! Hear it crack?"

He nodded in grave assent. 'Twas his worst fear confirmed. What could he do? The child must reach home that night. It was dark now. The Indians of his tribe would not return before the new dawn. He must do it alone! He, an old, faded worn-out Indian!

He turned toward the child, no fear expressed on his face.

"Me take white papoose home safe. Mamma wants. Come. Baby must be true to Antoine. Step just where Antoine tell baby to. See?"

The child nodded assent. At the first bearing of their weight on the treacherous ice, it snapped angrily and parted! They were left in two feet of water.

Antoine only smiled and the child's fine courage returned. Far up the river, he could see a faint white mass rapidly crashing down the river. 'Twas an ice-jam, he knew, and would stretch from side to side. He drew the child back, and together they waited. Ten minutes more, and the dull roar of crushed ice was borne to the ear, and Antoine knew the dash must be risked then.

With typical Indian stolidism, he lifted the child to his shoulders, and leaped onto the swollen, angry mass. It held! With unswerving motive, he leaped from one whirling mass to another, always moving farther up stream and heading for the American coast.

The child was beside herself with fear. The turbulent, riotous little waves that leaped up from each crack in the mass, like little serpent's tongues, fascinated her with a strange fear. She leaned far away from Antoine, and giving a low cry, fell from his exhausted arms into the seething mass in front of them.

With terror he tugged at her dress, vainly endeavoring to keep her from

getting under the ice. The darkness was intense. He felt the limp little body come up, knew she had slid onto the ice. Then his mind filled with strange fancies. Voices called him, hands stretched out, yearningly and beseechingly to him. He seemed to drift. On and on. Would he never stop? A bright light shot into his eyes, then the darkness settled down, piercing even to Antoine's heart.

It was a beautiful day in the middle of March. Two people, a small frail little girl, and a wasted Indian chief, gazed understandingly across the room to each other.

"Tell the story again," the child begged.

"Heap big ice jam. All river," he indicated with a wide sweep of his hand.

"Papoose cross with Antoine. Antoine old Indian. Baby fall." Then his slight frame would swell with importance as he exclaimed, "Big brave see 'um. Cross ice heap fast. Baby safe. Antoine safe. White God look down close."

And here the narrator closed his eyes in deep meditation, while a small brown hand slipped into his, and two heads bent low.

ELVARETTA NESTELL.

### THE FRESHMAN

Who is it dashes up the stairs  
And silently breathes forth his prayers,  
As the gong peals out in lusty airs?

The Freshman.

Who is it wishes for the B's,  
When all he gets in D's and E's,  
And utters laments of many gee's?

The Freshman.

Who is it gets behind his book,  
His face besmirched with a fearful look,  
And scans the pages of "Joe, the Crook?"

The Freshman.

Who is it in four years to come  
Will run his class as it should be run,  
When a Senior he will be, "by gum?"

The Freshman.

E. L. MILLER-'21.

### FAMOUS WORDS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Famous words of famous students—"I don't know."

Famous words of famous teachers—"You may stay eighth hour."

Famous words of famous boys—"Gee, isn't she some jane."

Famous words of famous girls—"Whatcha going to do tonight?"

MERLE ASHLEY '21.

## PARODY ON FAREWELL, MOTHER

*Just Before Examinations*

Just before examinations, I am thinking, tests, of you.  
 All my dreams and expectations have an outlook very blue.  
 Students brave are with me trying  
 Now to learn a whole term's work,  
 For well we know that on the Morrow  
 We can not afford to shirk.

Farewell text books, you may never  
 Open up to us again,  
 We will soon forget you text books  
 Unless we're numbered with the slain!

Soon as teacher marks the blue books you  
 Will see us stand in line—  
 Hear the marks of those before us! Why they  
 All have done just fine!  
 And I'm not a bit afraid now  
 To have teacher read me mine—  
 Oh! I surely did not hear right—  
 That must be Jack's mark—not mine!

I had planned on never seeing  
 These old school books n'er again—  
 But because the teacher's partial (?)  
 I got E at this term's end.

## OPPORTUNITY

This I beheld or dreamed it in a dream:  
 There spread a cloud of dust across the halls.  
 And in that cloud or underneath it raged  
 A furious battle. Students yelled, books collided, with books and pens.  
 A Freshie's courage wavered and he staggered back hemmed in by Seniors,  
 A Junior hung along the battle's edge and thought:  
 Had I a sword of keener wit but this blunt thing, he snapped and flung it from  
 his hand.  
 And lowering crept away and left the school.  
 Then came the timid Freshman wounded, sore indeed and weaponless  
 And saw the slighted chance half buried as it lay forsaken there  
 And ran and grabbed it and with battle shout lifted afresh  
 He hewed that enemy down and became a great heroic Senior in his day

PANSY HOUSE—'23.  
*Apologies to Kipling.*

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## THE "CREATION" OF EXAMS.

1. And the Prof. said: "Let there be sharks to delve in the briny deep and gather up knowledge and wisdom and to devour the midnight oil and to acquire dyspepsia.
2. And there were sharks and they did delve in the briny deep and they did acquire wisdom and dyspepsia.
3. And the evening and the morning were the first day.
4. And the Prof. said: "Let there be Digs and Grinds and Pales scattered (thinly) over the face of the earth."
5. And the morning and the evening were the second day.
6. And the student said: "Let there be Cuts and Bluffs." And there were huge cuts and enormous bluffs upon the face of the earth until the Prof. regretted the existence of the Grinds and Digs.
7. And the morning and the evening were the third day.
8. And the Bluffers and Cutters said: "Let there be ponies and horses to convey us up the steep bluffs and across the deep cuts."
9. And there were ponies and horses, and the Bluffers and Cutters made great stables for them that they might be an ever present help in time of trouble.
10. And the morning and the evening were the fourth day.
11. And the Prof. said: "Let there be Crams," and there were Crams.
12. And the morning and the evening were the fifth day.
13. And the Prof. said: "Let there be Exams," and there were Exams.
14. And the morning and the evening were the sixth day.
15. And the exams. descended and the flunks came and beat upon those Bluffers and upon those Cutters, and they fell, and great was the fall thereof.
16. And they were seen no more in the seats which had known them for their knowledge was built upon shifting horses and ponies.

—*Mt. Pleasant Normal News.*

## WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF?—

Benedict and Durand didn't hold a private debate at class meeting?

We didn't have Mae to make us snicker?

Al Hogan strolled in to tell us how slow we were in helping the "Student"?

We didn't have advisors to guide our erring footsteps?

School was called on account of rain?

Mr. Hungerford should come in with his hat on?

We all had dates as often as Brown?

R. Hoffman should "flunk" a couple of times?

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Mrs. Miller (in 3rd hour session room, taking roll, pointing to Isabel Ballentine's name on list)—"Is this you?"

Isabel Ballentine—"Yes."

Mrs. Miller—"What's your name?"

## OUR MODERN HIGH SCHOOL (1930)

As I turned my footsteps to dear old P. H. H. S. I kept wondering how many changes I would find. Of course, I knew there had been several changes in the faculty for various reasons. As my feet touched the old familiar steps I felt a sense of unfamiliarity creep over me. I opened the door and odors utterly unknown to my high school memories met my nostrils. They seemed to come from the basement and I entered and looked about me. A cafeteria had been established and the girls of the cooking classes were preparing lunches for the students who did not go home for lunch. I exclaimed at the sight and was quickly requested to come to the "gymn." This was almost too much for even my almost unlimited imagination and I followed Mr. Hungerford across the room almost in a daze, to an elevator which whisked us up to a fourth floor which had been added to the building. Mr. Hungerford proudly showed me the lockers and floor with race track and all that a modern high school "gymn" needs. Both boys and girls appreciated this part of school life. New subjects had been added to the curriculum and an addition now extended across River Street. The banks of Black River formed an athletic field with tennis courts and other provisions for further athletic activities.

Of course, I was greatly interested in these improvements but I did want to know what had become of the library in all these changes. As we came down to the first floor I asked Mr. Hungerford where the library was located, thinking it must be in the new section. He led me across the hall to the old familiar corner. There were the same books, tables and chairs, while students perched on the radiator and waste paper baskets trying to study. "Is that poor old gray haired woman Miss Magahy?" "Oh, no, that is her successor. She has become gray very rapidly since coming to us." "And where is Miss M.?" "Oh, she left us some time ago and is now in the insane asylum trying to find chairs and material for students in her cell which she imagines is the old P. H. H. S. library."

And I sighed and wondered that her successor was not also with her.

ANN O. NYMOUR.

## IN APPRECIATION OF OUR LIBRARIAN

Our hearts are heavy at leaving P. H. H. S. We hereby wish to show our deep appreciation of Miss Bessie Magahay, our beloved librarian. She has been our greatest help in preparing all our lessons and outside work. Her cheerfulness and patience have dominated the atmosphere of the library.

We wish her success in all that she undertakes.

THE STAFF—'21.

Mr. Schutes—"Somebody open the window."

E. Moak—"Yes, he wants to throw out his chest."

SCANDAL:

MISS KRESS WAS SEEN WITH A GENTLEMAN.

## AFTER GRADUATION

## I

Thank Heaven! the crisis—  
 The danger—is past,  
 Exams have been written  
 The dye has been cast,  
 And the paper called “Student”  
 Is published at last.

## II

The Hero, I know  
 Was shorn of his strength,  
 No muscle he moved  
 As he paused for the length  
 Of a moment!—’Tis over  
 The money rests with us at length.

## III

We are resting so quietly  
 Now in our beds,  
 Dreaming of prophecies  
 Passed o'er our heads—  
 And a smile o'er our faces  
 Unconsciously spreads.

## IV

Ah! let it never  
 Be foolishly said  
 That our “hop” was a failure  
 Or slow was its tread;  
 For man ne'er danced  
 In a livelier way—  
 Than they danced that night  
 And part of next day.

RUTH SCHUCK—’21

Mr. Schutes—“Why can a baby crawl before it walks?”  
 Chet. Benedict—“Its center of gravity is lower.”

Mrs. Miller (Hist. V-11 hr.)—“When do we first hear about the Norsemen?”

Hugh Ross (brilliant student)—“In today’s lesson.”

## WITH APOLOGIES TO WORDSWORTH

## I

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my school-days  
 When fond recollection presents them to view,  
 The council, the monitors, the eighth-hour sessions  
 And all the delights that my dear school days knew;  
 The teacher's correction, the rebuff that went with it:  
 The rebuke, and the place where fell the old rule,  
 The desk for my books, the window beside it  
 And e'en the sweet sessions that came after school;  
 The eighth-hour sessions, the desperate sessions,  
 The freezing up sessions that came after school.

## II

The freezing up session I hail as a nuisance  
 When often at dusk I arrived home from school;  
 I found it the source of an exquisite displeasure  
 The strongest and keenest that parents can yield.  
 How slowly I told them with tongue that was lagging,  
 The only legitimate cause I could find;  
 Then soon, with the joy of forgetfulness flowing  
 And grinning with mirth it sunk from my mind.  
 The eighth-hour sessions, the desperate sessions,  
 The freezing up sessions that came after school.

OLIVE BRADLEY—'21.

## THE P. H. H. S. FLAPPER

90 lbs. of sugar.

2 lbs. of pep.

2 lbs. of enthusiasm.

2 oz. of determination.

1 ideal (usually male).

2 exceedingly large ear-puffs.

1 pair of galoshes (unbuckled).

As many giggles as desired.

Several pretty tea-gowns (for school wear).

Mix judiciously and trim with rouge and powder.

When well roasted, serve with ice cream and dainty blushes.—Ex.

“In History,” says Private McKinley,  
 “Long live the ridge they call Vimmie,  
 For there early one morn  
 The first cootie was born,  
 And thus was the birth of the Shimmie.”

## OVERSLEPT

It happened in Detroit. I had been down there visiting my aunt for the week-end and we had been having a pretty lively time. I went to bed Sunday night, or rather Monday morning at half past one, intending to get up real early and take the first car for Port Huron.

At a quarter to seven I was up. Oh! what a rush, the car left at eighteen minutes after seven and I had only half an hour to get all ready. I rushed madly around getting dressed and to make matters worse, I could not find my shoes. I was certain I had taken them off in my room, but, after I had had everyone in the house looking for them I finally found them under a chair in the living room where I had slipped them off.

My aunt then said breakfast was ready. I said I did not want any because I did not have time to bother about eating. But, she said if I would not eat she wouldn't let me go, so I decided to eat.

I knew I had to catch that car because I had to leave on the half past twelve train for Toronto and the wildest thoughts rushed through my mind of all the things that would happen if I missed that car.

My cousin had the car out and I climbed in and we started for the waiting room. I really never went so fast in all my life. We passed everything till we got further up town and then what a time! When we got to the waiting room the car was just about two blocks ahead of us so we started chasing the car.

It would stop every once in a while but just as we would get close enough to get on it would start again. By this time I was nearly crazy and when from a side street came a large powerful truck I didn't know what my name was. My cousin didn't see it until too late and into it we crashed. After that I didn't know anything, I just seemed to be sinking—sinking—!

Horrors! I awoke with a start. Oh! what a terrible dream. I jumped out of bed and looked at my watch and it was just a quarter to six, so I was all right. After that experience I decided never to drink so much coffee before going to bed.

MARGARET I. JOHNSON.

## YOU'D BE SURPRISED IF—

Clyde Brinkman studied.

Jack Taylor took a girl to the movies.

Ross Martin visited Ypsilanti.

Francis Appel was speechless.

Mary McKay had a date.

Earl Scupholm walked.

Gerald Bready kept the same seat all semester.

Mary Collins was seen without four or five boys.

Milton Wagner was bashful.

Donald Ross was late.

The Bachelor Club broke its rules.





### THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Shortly after the commencement of the fall term, the Boys' Glee Club started up again, "full of pep" with a real snappy season in view under the able leadership of Miss Edna Fraser. Officers were quickly elected and practicing was soon well underway which made it possible for an early appearance before the students at the second of the School Sings conducted by Miss Fraser. Of course, numerous applications for membership in the club were made after that first appearance.

At Christmas time volunteers from both the Girls' and Boys' Clubs responded to Miss Fraser's call for carollers who sang Christmas Eve in the vicinity of the High School.

February—two numbers were rendered before the Thursday Morning Music Club at the Holden Cafe. The membership of the Glee Club at that time was fifteen.

In accordance with the untiring efforts of Miss Fraser the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs combined have been hard at work in preparation for a Chorus Cycle entitled "Old Plantation Days," which was given Tuesday evening, April 19th, at the Junior High. Noon Sings on Fridays feature in the preparation for the Song Cycle. The orchestration will be furnished by our school orchestra under the direction of Henry D. Schubert.

#### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

President	CHARLES CONAT
Secretary and Treasurer	WELLMAN SMITH
Musician and Librarian	HAROLD HAZELTON J. BEAMER.

### THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

On October 4, the girls who are interested in the musical activities of the High School held their annual election and again started the already thriving club. The following officers were elected: President, Lillian Fox; Secretary and Treasurer, Martha Hayman; Pianist, Esther Pace.

The club has a lively membership of thirty-seven, seven new members having been added this year and is reported by Miss Fraser to be doing splen-

1921

STUDENT

1921



did work. They have appeared publicly several times. This year a double trio was formed which also has done good work.

The Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs combine once a week for chorus singing. This chorus formed a band of Christmas carolers which sang in its allotted district, also in a part of the business district of the city.

The chorus has been working this semester on a Choral Cycle, "Old Plantation Days," which was presented in the Junior High Auditorium on April 12. In this concert, each Glee Club also had its individual part.

The soloists from the Girls' Glee Club were: Soprano, Martha Hayman, Rose Sperry, Frances Smith; Alto, Carmelia Graziadei, Pauline Gibson.

### DEBATING CLUB

The Port Huron High School Debating Club was organized November 8th under the direction of Mr. Hungerford. Membership was open to all students, however, the Junior and Senior Classes were represented the best. At the first meeting officers were elected: Jeanne Ryan, president; Eleanor Meisel, secretary-treasurer. Teams were chosen, the affirmative team was composed of Eleanor Meisel, Chester Benedict, and Edward Stevens. The negative team Elizabeth Thomas, George Durand, and Jack Taylor. The debaters were handicapped on account of starting so late, but on the whole had a fairly successful year winning three debates out of six. Great credit is due to Mr. Hungerford and Miss Mayne for their untiring effort in drilling the teams.

The question for debate was:

**RESOLVED**, That the adjustment of disputes between employer and employees should be made a part of the administration of justice.

The affirmative team upheld the affirmative side of the question. Their first debate was with Almont, December 3rd. They defeated the visiting team by a score of 2 to 1.

The second debate was on December 19th, with Marine City. The Marine City team showed great ability in delivery but our team succeeded in obtaining two votes to Marine City's one.

The last debate of the affirmative team was held February 18th, with Hamtramack who defeated our team, having two votes and Port Huron 1.

The negative debated on the negative side of the question.

On January 21, the negative team, chaperoned by Miss Northrup, went to Pontiac for their first debate. The decision rendered by the judges was 2 to 1 in favor of Pontiac.

The second of the league debates by the negative was at Dryden, Michigan, on February 4. The team was chaperoned by Miss McCollum. The decision was 2-1 in favor of Dryden. The judges were two lawyers from Oxford and Superintendent of Schools Cody of Flint. Port Huron received Mr. Cody's vote.

The negative team was challenged by Monroe for a debate on March —. The team was chaperoned by Miss McCollum. Their delivery and concise original rebuttal were much superior to those of their opponents and won for them a decision of 3-0 in their favor.



### THE GIRLS' LEAGUE

After many years of waiting, the girls of P. H. H. S. have at last obtained their voice in school activities. In October there was a general meeting of girls to organize a League. Phyllis Turnbull was elected President, Emily Stewart, Vice-President, Esther Pace, Secretary, and Eliza Cowan, Treasurer; for Publicity Agent, Josephine Beckton was elected.

Three departments were organized, the first of which is called Personal Efficiency. This department strives to promote better morals, better health, and better athletics among the girls of P. H. H. S.

When Miss Scupholm was chosen as our advisor we obtained one of the most diligent workers that there is on the Faculty. She has worked untiringly and unceasingly to make this department the best that there is.

One of the first things that were done was to divide the girls into two groups—the gymnasium and the basket ball classes. In our gymnasium work there were about sixty-five girls enrolled and in two classes weekly. Through the courtesy of Mr. Davis and Mr. Snyder we had the use of the Y. M. C. A. and worked up two fine "gymn" classes. Through the generosity of Miss Miller the first girls' basket ball team of P. H. H. S. was trained. After a few weeks of practice we played the Junior High team and won from them by a score of 14-9. Owing to the shortened season because of the late organization the schedule was brief.

Another department, The Entertainment, was also formed. For many years the boys in any school organization have had the leading role before the public eye. This year the girls of P. H. H. S. decided to organize and show the public just what they could do. Their first undertaking after the organization was completed was a banquet in honor of the football team. A carnival was held April 8-9 in the Junior High School. May 6 the girls gave an informal tea for their mothers.

Last but not least is the Social Service Group. These girls adopted a poor

1921

STUDENT

1921

family for whom they are sewing and supplying food occasionally. They have staged the Red Cross and Chinese Relief drives with great success.

For general advisor for the League, Miss Chapin was unanimously chosen. The girls showed excellent wisdom in this selection. Miss Bywater has worked unceasingly as advisor of the Social Service girls. Miss Hayward will ever be remembered by the League. She was leader of the Carnival and is advisor of the Entertainment girls.

R. V. L., F. S., E. M. C.—'21.



Did any of the fellows ever see A. Dixon's moustache or were the girls the only ones who knew he had one?

Ernest Baldwin (staying eighth hour)—"Are you keeping us for studying, Mr. Hilzinger?"

Mr. Hilzinger—"Yes."

Ernest Baldwin—"I thought you were keeping us for talking."

## BACHELOR CLUB

The Nites being dreary and dull they sent forth the cry for diversion. The stars were shining in on one of the Nites so that a regular comet of an idea came forth. The result was the formation of the Bachelors' Club alias "the Nites of the Square Table." The Charter ran as follows:

*Whereas*, Our hearts being weakened by the palpitations caused by certain specimens of dates and flirtations, and

*Whereas*, Dates can be purchased at \$0.25 per box instead of one dollar a piece and—upwards, and—upwards, and

*Whereas*, The 'Eata Bita Pies and the Old Maids' Society have been formed, therefore let it be

*Resolved*, That we, the said Nites, join our resources to form the above named society.

The password is to be:—Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

The yell is to be:

Rub-adub-dub

Rub-adub-dub

We're the boys of the Bachelors' Club,

We don't yell!? We don't cheer!?

We don't go with the women, dear!

The first meeting is to be March 18, 1921, then on that magic day and hour we are to be freed of our chains of bondage.

## ROSTER

King of Hearts	.	.	.	NITE F. S. APPEL
King of Diamonds	.	.	.	NITE B. H. BAKER
King of Clubs	.	.	.	NITE H. E. NOEL
King of Spades	.	.	.	NITE KEN. DEGRAW
Ace of Hearts	.	.	.	NITE JACK TAYLOR
Ace of Spades	.	.	.	NITE MACBETH ROSS
Ace of Diamonds	.	.	.	NITE BILL ANDREWS
Ace of Clubs	.	.	.	NITE OMAR BARTOW
Jack of Clubs	.	.	.	NITE RUSS FENNER
Jack of Spades	.	.	.	NITE ED. PARSONS
Jack of Hearts	.	.	.	NITE FRANK ALLEN
Jack of Diamonds	.	.	.	NITE MILTON WAGNER
Deuce (loose) Hearts	.	.	.	NITE COLBURN BEEDON
Joker	.	.	.	NITE MILES BENEDICT

The principal instrument of this organization is the "Sweet Putuddy."

The faculty is honored by having two of its members, honorary members in the organization, Miss Allie B. Chapin and Mr. Volney R. Hungerford.

When a Nite meets another Nite he shakes hands with him, the Baraca Shake left handed and at the same time (*le meme moment*) waggles his right hand at his right ear.

A. H. M. E.—'21.

1921

- STUDENT -

1921



### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Athletics, like most things, will not run unless the proper support (principally financial) is shown it. In athletics, the proper way to go about it is to have an association. Hence, the Athletic Association reared its head in the protecting shelter of Port Huron High School.

A "Get-together" was called one day in Room J and a constitution adopted that would keep the officers out of mischief and provide a working basis for the association.

Now to steer a ship like the Athletic Association, one must have good "understandings" and long arms so, of course, there was no one but George Durand to be elected president. However, a good skipper depends on a good engineer for his right-hand man and Edwin Hoffman was handed the job of business manager. If "Eddie" runs his own business later in life with as clear insight, far-sightedness, and unbiased judgment as he has run the Athletic Association's business, all we can predict is "success" written clear and large. For deck hands, and the usual crew for such a large vessel, other able-bodied and able-minded people were chosen. Mac. Waterworth assisted Edwin Hoffman as assistant business manager. The vice-president was Esther Pace with Frances Smith as secretary to keep "tab" on the minutes and seconds. The "money-man" was "Dynamite" Hugh Ross who used this tremendous force not to blast vaults open but to bring home victory on the basket ball courts. The classes were represented by Frances Holland, Senior; Katherine Philbrick, Junior; Jean Laird, Sophomore; Stewart Moore, Freshman. The faculty advisors were Miss Miller and Mr. Hungerford. The coaches (no not stage-coaches) were Mr. Francis X? Lake and Mr. "Tubby" M. Myers.

The Association wishes to take this time to tender their heartiest thanks to Mr. Glenn Davis for his splendid assistance that he rendered during the year.

The year was a great success, having had good financial support all during the entire season.

1921 - STUDENT - 1921



## DRAMATIC CLUB

Though this wide-awake organization only came into existence this year and is yet very new, it is growing and accomplishing many things so that before long it will probably be one of the best known in our school. It was started by some peppy Juniors and Seniors. "Ye coming dramatists" of our High School, with the aid of Miss Northrup and Miss Mayne. The purpose of the club is to create an interest in dramatists and to produce plays. Meetings are held every other Thursday evening at which small programs and plays are given.

The club is most fortunate in having for its director, Miss Mayne, who is very interested in the promotion of dramatics, and has willingly given much of her time in training the members and in making the club a success.

The club is now working on a play, "Her Husband's Wife," to be presented later, which will probably end its activities for this term.

### OFFICERS

President	.	.	.	.	.	GORDON MCINTOSH
Vice-President	.	.	.	.	.	JOSEPHINE BECKTON
Secretary	.	.	.	.	.	PAULINE GIBSON
Treasurer	.	.	.	.	.	HAROLD THORNTON
Publicity Agent	.	.	.	.	.	EDWARD PARSONS

1921

- STUDENT -

1921



### THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra was organized under the able supervision of Henry Schubert early in the year and soon harmonious (?) strains or otherwise were issuing from A. H. after school and circulating through the school. The "otherwise" strains were soon captured, however, and the orchestra made their first appearance before a mass meeting. The Glee Clubs generously furnished money to buy new music and so the orchestra was placed on a firm basis. They played at a mass meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Associations in Junior High and later at a combined concert of the Glee Clubs and Orchestra. The officers of the club were: President, Marguerite Crawford; Secretary and Treasurer, Fred Wargowsky; Librarian, Geo. McInnis.



### FRESHMEN-SENIOR PARTY

The coming-out party of the Freshmen was given by the Seniors on October 29, 1920, in the Junior High. The little "Freshies" congregated in the auditorium about three-thirty, where they were met by the Seniors, who barely recognized them as the Freshmen with whom they were conversing just a few days ago, as they were all "dolled up." Then the Seniors and their guests lined up in the hall and marched down one flight of stairs, around the balcony, looking down on the gymnasium which was artistically decorated with corn stalks and pumpkins. Upon reaching the first floor, two double lines were formed in the gym down which were rolled and passed large yellow pumpkins. There was much rivalry between the promising youngsters to see who should succeed in returning the pumpkins intact to the head of the line. While half of the worthy freshmen with their venerable escorts displayed their muscles in this manner, the other half appeased their appetites in the serving room with cider and fried-cakes.

After all had eaten, dancing was enjoyed until five-thirty, when the merry crowd repaired to the auditorium where they were heartily amused with a comedy entitled "Spring Time." Shortly after six the guests tired after their debut into the society of Port Huron High School were allowed to go home to recuperate.

SOCIETY EDITOR, R. M. S.

### FOOTBALL BANQUET

The annual school banquet, honoring the faithful members of our football team was held at the Junior High School, 1920. This affair proved to be one of the most enjoyable of its kind ever held. About one hundred and sixty people including the faculty, students and others enjoyed the banquet, served by the Girls' League, and the evening's entertainment.

George Durand was toastmaster of the evening and in response to his call, a number of short speeches were made by Dr. Crissman, Dr. F. Bacon, "Tubby" Meyers, Albert Dixon, the captain of the team for last year, and Hugh Ross, captain for next season. After nineteen of the boys on the team were presented with "letters" by Coach Meyers, dancing was enjoyed until eleven o'clock. The music for the evening was furnished by the Marysville orchestra.

### SENIOR PLAY

The Seniors put forth their dramatic efforts in a play given during commencement week as has been the custom. The play was of a type never before tackled by any Senior Class in Port Huron High School. It was the most popular, perhaps, of Shakespeare's comedies, "As You Like It."

The play was directed by Miss Mayne and ably supported by the following cast:

Rosalind	ELAINE SCHELL
Celia	JEANNE RYAN
Phebe	RUTH SCHUCK
Audry	CORRINE RYDEN
Duke Senior	JACK TAYLOR
Duke Frederick	OMAR BARTOW
Amiens	
Jaques	EDWARD PARSONS
Le Beau	DONALD ROSS
Charles	EUGENE BLACK
Oliver	HERBERT NOEL
Jaque	FRANKLIN COWLES
Orlando	HUGH WARD
Adam	EDWIN HOFFMAN
Touchstone	CARL HOLTH
Corine	ELDRED MILLER
Slyvius	KENNETH DE GRAW
William	ALBERT DIXON

### STUDENT OBSERVATIONS !!!

Feb. 24: Mass meeting at 11:00 A. M. Subject: School Spirit, also, A. A. Dues! Speakers: Mr. Glenn Davis, Mr. Hungerford, Mr. Lake, E. Hoffman, Mac. Waterworth and G. Durand.

Feb. 25: A. A. Dues are due in Mr. Anderson's room.

Feb. 25: Basket Ball team went to Bay City.

Mar. 1: We wonder why all the girls have colds???

Mar. 4: How did B. Muller and B. Robbins find out the English questions? Ask the 3rd hr. hall duty girl or Miss Magahay!

Mar. 5: Girls of Student Staff give Bake Sale at Cochrane's.

1921 - STUDENT - 1921

Mar. 10: Francis Appel studies etiquette!!! (the Bachelors' Club disbands March 18!)

Mar. 11: Another Mass Meeting. This was a real one! The Girls' League had charge of it! Mrs. Kiefer spoke. Her speech was commendation of the Girls' League. Why didn't the boys enjoy it???

Mar. 15: Miss Northrup had company!! Who was he???

Mar. 17: First free-will contribution to the Student! Mrs. Blake gave us two cents. We wish those gifts would come oftener! Don't we?

Mar. 18: Mass Meeting at 11:00 A. M. Mr. Hayes was the speaker for the morning. Preliminary speakers were Mr. Lance and Mr. McKenzie.

Mar. 18: The Spanish Club had its picture taken! Result: Mr. K. Philbrick's camera was broken.

Mar. 25: Vacation began! Oh Joy!

April 4: School commenced. Everyone wore a long face.

April 5: Mrs. Blake is ill. Miss Moore is substituting. Why does the Spanish four class look so sad??!!

April 5: Mr. Lance laughed in Chemistry class!!!!

April 5: Chemistry class entertained a cat!

April 5: Where did A. Zimmer and Miss Mayne go sixth hour? They are such a cute couple

April 8-9: Carnival at Junior High. Huge success. Beware of burglars. \$300 cleared! Hurrah for the Girls' League!!!

April 12: Mass Meeting. Rev. Lyons spoke on subject of Chinese relief fund. Social Service department took charge of work in High School.

April 15: Junior-Senior party at New Washington High.

April 16: Basket Ball Banquet.

April 14: Harold Cochrane fell upstairs! Aren't we glad? He thinks its such a good joke for anyone else to fall!!!

April 15: Miss Bement talked to the girls during the fifteen minute period. This was the first of a series of vocational talks to girls.

April 19: Hugh Ward has a new suit!!!

April 19: Game with Richmond. First game of the season.

April 20: President of the Senior Council was tardy!!!!

April 21: Sophomores are vague! K. Gray told Miss Woodward that a character in Seven Gables has a "frown she put on when she wanted to."

April 22: Miss McNinch talked to the girls during the fifteen minute period. The subject was M. A. C.

April 26: Chester Benedict jumped out of Miss Hayward's window!!! Who scared him????

April 26: New French teacher!!!

April 27: Alice Loope has the mumps!! She caught them starting her machine the day before!!

The Seniors were delightfully entertained by the Juniors at a party given in their honor April 15.

The gymnasium of the Junior High School was decorated in the colors of both classes in many new and clever ways. Each basketball ring had a long fringe of colored paper hanging from it with a light on the inside. The standards for the high-jump apparatus was ingeniously built into floor lamps.

The programs, blue with J.-S. hand painted in gold on them, were the work of Paul St. Dennis who deserves much credit for the success of the party. An enlarged program was circulated around so that all who attended the party might place their autographs in it.

The music was furnished by Nicol's orchestra which was prettily situated in the center of the floor surrounded by floor lamps.

After each dance a crowd was sure to congregate around the punch bowl in one corner of the room.

The chaperons of the evening were the class advisors, Misses Scupholm, Woodward, Northrup and Bywaters.

It was certainly an enjoyable and successful party in the opinion of all.

SOCIETY EDITOR.

## COURTSHIP EXCHANGE

THREE VOLUMES

*Book I*

Contemplation  
Admiration  
Flirtation  
Infatuation

*Book II*

Inspiration  
Invitation  
Hesitation  
Perspiration  
Refutation  
Humiliation

*Book III*

Demoralization  
Dissipation  
Realization  
Conciliation  
Restoration  
Visitation  
Acceptation  
Exultation  
Cinjugation  
Finish.

*Michigan Daily.*

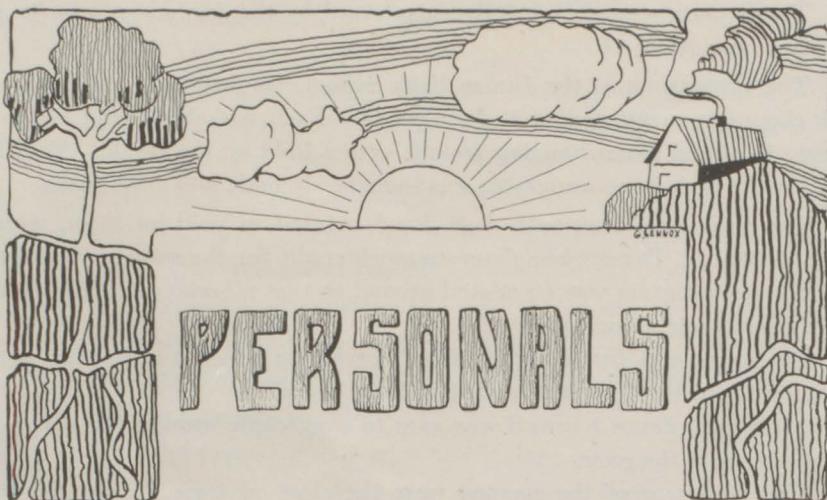
## A PERFECT SCENE—BUT!

The garden was flooded with moonlight. Soft strains of music drifted from the pavilion. Up in the heavens, the Star of Love was shining and a gentle breeze stirred the trees.

All the world seemed to smile at the two. The old moon slyly winked as he stole his hand towards the other's.

He opened his mouth to speak the old, old words, "Bill, ain't it a shame. If we only had a couple of girls, this scene would be complete!"

ELEANOR MEISEL—'21.



## DID YOU EVER SEE

G. Moore—acting kittenish? (Ask F. Hyde).  
 C. Brinkman—walking for his health?  
 E. Meisel—alone Friday night?  
 M. Seagrave's—ears uncovered?  
 J. Congo's—soup-strainer?  
 F. Mugavero's—dress suit? (Ask B. D. Cady).  
 F. Appel's—Irish Brogues—?  
 K. Philbrick's—purple socks?  
 R. Lee's—Irish bonnet?  
 E. Cady's—calcumined nose?  
 C. Benedict's—Phusics "lemon?" (Ask Frink).  
 F. Sturmer—with party who wears a feather in her hat?  
 H. Ward—have a blushing spasm? (Ask E. Schell).  
 J. Cady—get to school on time?  
 As good a class as the class of 1921—?  
 As "bum" an attempt at amusement as this?  
 As good a "Student" for the price?  
 Corduroy Socks—Ed. Hoffman.  
 Cast Iron Galoshes—E. Cady.  
 Sand-paper-shirt—Mac. Waterworth.

Prize winners at the Etheopean's Arctic Ball:

First prize—Elastic Crowbar—"Chuck" Lennox.  
 Second prize—Barbwire necklace—Katherine Philbrick.  
 Third prize—Horsehide Bathing Suit—John Ottaway.  
 Fourth prize—Cast Iron Collar Button—Mike Appel.

## ATTENTION GIRLS! DON'T YOU LOVE—?

Chester Benedict's melodious voice  
 Eugene Black's bashful blush  
 Paul St. Denis' hair (sideburns)  
 Hugh Ward's green suit  
 Wayne Frink's graceful motions  
 George Durand's firey speeches  
 Stewart Fenner's black eyes  
 Albert Dixon's mustache  
 Herbert Noel's "vampie" smile  
 Byron Philp's curly hair.

What would you say if you saw—  
 Miss Northrup chewing gum  
 Hugh Ward writing notes  
 Jack Taylor talking to a G-I-R-L  
 Mary VanValkenburg with Donald Bullock  
 Frances Holland when she wasn't sarcastic  
 Eliza Cowan wasting her time  
 Francis Appel without his grin  
 Alice Loope vamping Albert Dixon  
 Winifred Powell with Roy Stewart  
 Corrinne Ryden at the movies  
 Mr. Hungerford with hair on top of his head  
 Miss Rush explaining herself.

## JUST IMAGINE

Gertrude Sinclair not bossing anyone.  
 Calvin Matthews being still.  
 Marion Smith not interested in Junior High.  
 Isabel McClellan making a fuss.  
 Mildred Tuer getting an E.  
 Frank Schell not reciting with his book open.  
 Ward Ross knowing his lesson.  
 Milton Wagner with a smile.  
 Mildred Palmer not chasing a "blonde" Senior.  
 Glenn Lynch without his lesson.  
 Louise Unger not interested in Marysville.  
 Edna Potter without her spit curl.  
 Shubal Wonch talking to a girl.  
 Earl Scupholm without his "Lizzie" (?)  
 Gerald Brady behaving himself.  
 Carl Dudd not chewing gum.

M. A. S.—'24.

## “STUDENT” MATERIAL

Did Frances Hyde?  
 Can Dutch Wright?  
 Is Eugene Black?  
 Or Gavin Brown?  
 Is Grace a Thorne?  
 Will Marion Sea Graves?  
 Is Joe a Lake?  
 Is Celia by Water?  
 Is Waldo a Bear?  
 Is Robert White?  
 Is Elaine a Schell?  
 Is Margaret a Hand?  
 Did Bertrand Baker?

HUGH ROSS—’23.

## ADVERTISING SECTION

FOR SALE—One French Pony. Slightly used. Useful animal. Terms Cash. Apply Room E.—BENNET CISKY.

WANTED—A Vacation.—THE FACULTY.

WANTED—A Tonic. To grow taller.—GEORGE DURAND.

All vocal pupils desiring good lessons come to me. Success assured.

PAULINE GIBSON.

WANTED—One more box of rouge just like the last one.

MARY VAN VALKENBURG.

WANTED—One perfect note book.—MR. LANCE.

## IMAGINARY PICTURES

Miss Rush in “Hysterics”?  
 Miss Kress acting “Coquettish”?  
 Miss Brush “Out of Humor”?  
 Mrs. Miller “Six feet tall”?  
 Miss McCollum “Afraid to express her opinion”?  
 Miss Woodward “Painting—her face”?  
 Ross Martin “Out of Trouble”?  
 Franklin Cowles “Not in a Hurry”?  
 Gabel McCowan “With the Blues”?  
 Margaret Watson “Using Swear Words”?  
 Margaret Downs “As an Athlete”?

“These are pictures as they ain’t  
 Visions no artist could ever paint.”

VIRGINIA REED.



### EXCHANGES

The exchange editor has received a number of student publications, all of which credibly represent the schools from which they were sent.

The following papers have been received by us and we wish to acknowledge them with thanks:

- “The Rutherfordian,” Rutherford, New Jersey.
- “The Madaza,” Saranac Lake, New York.
- “The Breeze,” Albion, Michigan.
- “The Thomahawk,” Pontiac, Michigan.
- “Said and Done,” Muskegon, Michigan.
- “The Interlude,” South Bend, Indiana.
- “The Optimist,” Ann Arbor, Michigan.
- “The Sickler,” Adrian, Michigan.
- “The Spectator,” Highland Park, Michigan.
- “Visalia Union High School News,” Visalia, California.
- “Ypsilanti Normal News,” Ypsilanti, Michigan.
- “The Tattler,” Marquette, Michigan.
- “The Echo,” Urbana, Illinois.

### NOTES ON OTHER HIGH SCHOOLS

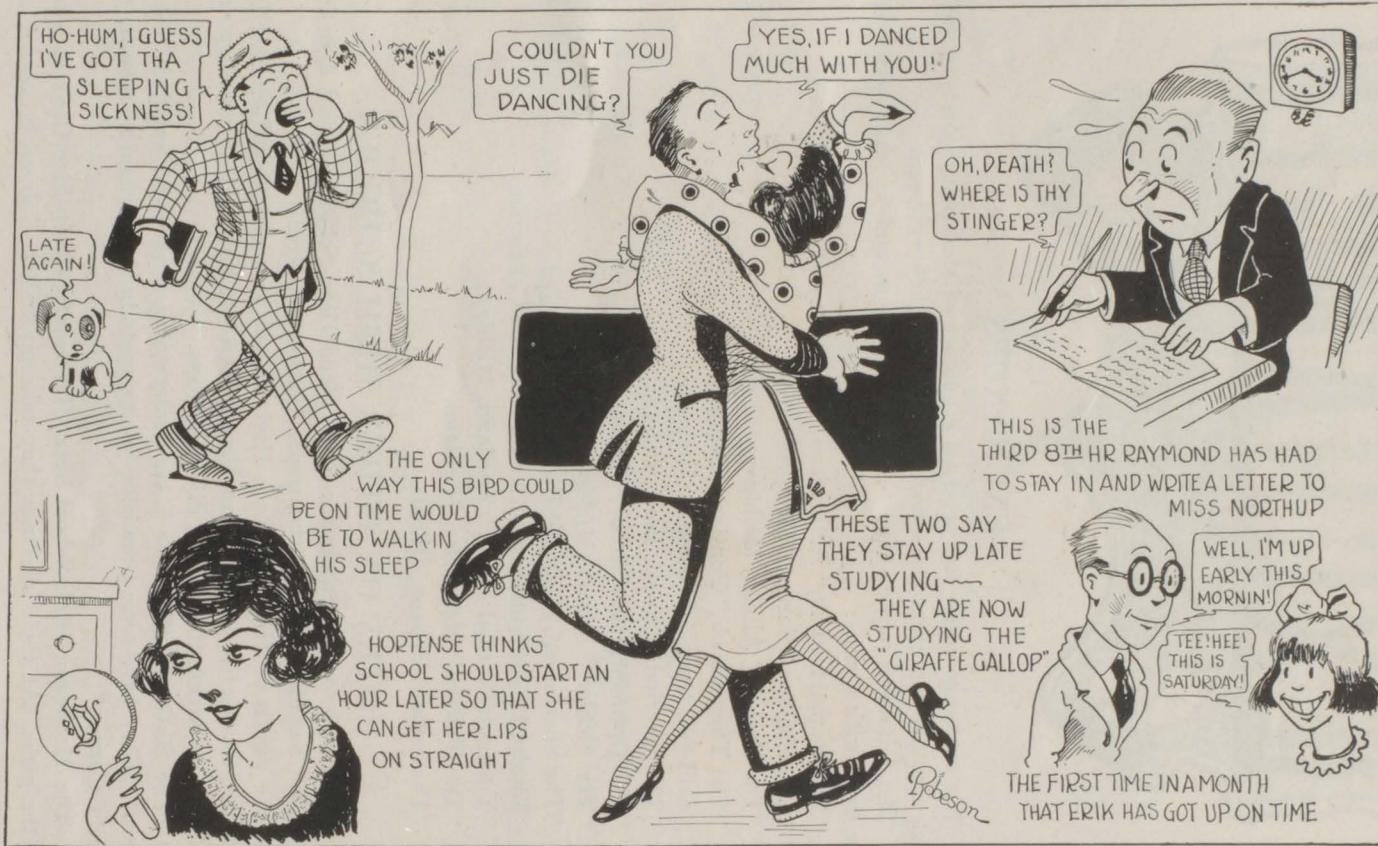
Seventy-three students in the South Bend High School received A in four subjects. Kupid's Kolumn in this paper is also very good.

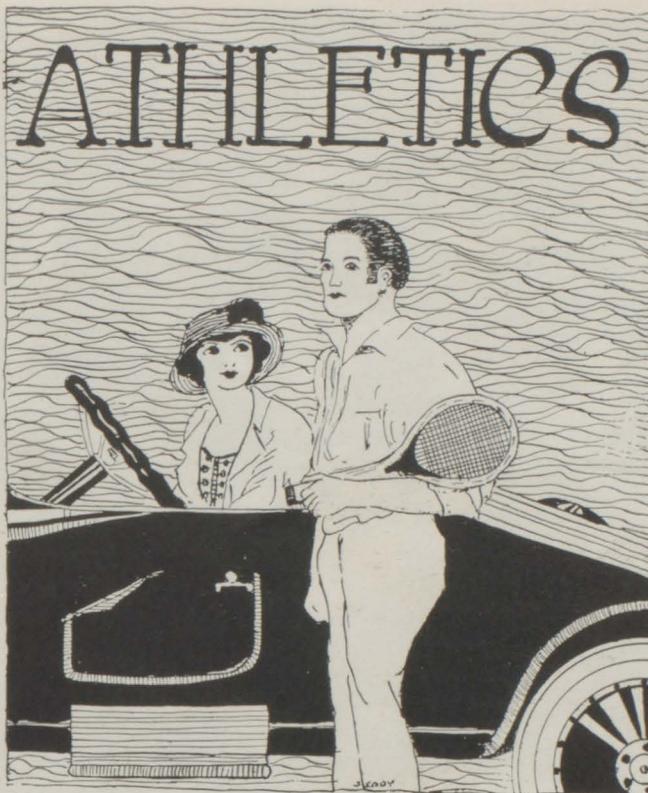
The pupils of Highland Park High School have established an excellent custom of having the whole Senior Class make a trip to Washington. They raise their money during the year in different ways.

“The Rutherfordian” has a very interesting department entitled “Interviews.” They have some promising young poets in their school as seen by the “Poets’ Corner.”

The Muskegon High School have Girl Scouts, Camp-Fire Girls et cetera for the girls. At their meetings they take up Indian club work, games, and swimming.

A number of both boys and girls have registered for a tennis tournament at the Ann Arbor High School.





## FOOTBALL

WHEN the call for candidates for the football team was given last fall, a squad of about forty turned out. All these did not stay out, however, and in a few weeks the bunch had dwindled down to about 25. At the first football meeting an election was held for captain, and Bob Carson, the captain-elect, had decided not to return to school. Dixon, a back-field man of several years experience, was elected.

After about two weeks work on the field the home team went up against Croswell and beat them badly. The game was not exciting because of the heat and the very evident superiority of the Red and White eleven. It was a good chance for "Tubby" to see what the different fellows could do and subs were used freely.

The next week the team went to Memphis, which team they beat almost as badly as they had Croswell the preceding Saturday. Another week of practice followed and then the team went to Richmond. They returned victorious by the score of 14-7, but the coach was not at all satisfied with their work. There were only a few days before the next game but these were used to such advantage that Bay City Western was decisively defeated that Saturday. The



home team showed the best work they had exhibited so far that season. Long runs were frequent, Philp and Ross several times gaining stretches of 30 to 35 yards.

By this time "Tubby" and the assistant coaches had developed a fast though rather light, team. When Detroit Eastern's heavy team came here for the fifth game of the season, the Red and White eleven were pushed all over the field and the Detroit bunch went home victorious by a score too large to mention. The Detroit aggregation was very heavy, had a wonderful interference, and at that time it was conceded had a good chance for the State Championship. Notwithstanding the great advantage of weight of the other team, the locals made a rather poor showing anyway, seeming to lack confidence. The game was rather rough, several members of the team suffering injuries.

After this game the team was entirely remodeled to meet the Saginaw Eastern eleven the coming Saturday. Saginaw Eastern had a heavy team and came here with the record of having beaten Detroit Northwestern, one of the best teams in the state. The Saginaw bunch received the kick and quickly took the ball down the field. At the twenty-yard line the ball went over on downs and Port Huron showed what she could do on the offense. On the first play

Mugavero made 35 yards on an off tackle play. The ball see-sawed back and forth until Eastern finally scored. The first half ended with the score 7-0.

The second half was not so close. Saginaw had scored twice when Port Huron got the ball in midfield and executed a series of well-directed passes that brought the ball to Eastern's five-yard line. With four downs left to put it over it looked as though we might score but the other team stiffened and held. They got the ball on downs and in the last few minutes of play they pushed the Red and White eleven off the field while they scored again.

With two defeats behind them, the team somewhat disheartened, went to Arthur Hill, Saginaw. The game was just like the preceding two. Facing a heavy team on their own field—a team which had beaten Lansing (who later took the State Championship) the Port Huron fought to little advantage. Arthur Hill's offense was all to be desired and their heavy back-field men ran over, under and around us for seven touchdowns. Their defense was not so good, however, for our back-field men frequently broke through their line for six or eight yard gains.

On Armistice Day we played the Alumni and incurred our fourth consecutive defeat. The team did not wake up until the Alumni had scored twice and then it was too late, though we did secure one touchdown.

Saturday, before an ever-increasing crowd, the team forced U. of D. High and beat them 7-6. Though by the score the victory seems to be a matter of luck, yet such was not the case. The home team clearly outclassed the Detroiters, gaining about twice as much ground. The other team was never dangerous except at the time their right end made their touchdown by intercepting a running pass.

The next week they played Ypsilanti there, in one of the closest games of the year. We were beaten, but only after putting up such a game that even supporters of the "Ypsi" team were forced to admit the victory to be a matter of luck. It was a fast, hard game all the way through and several times the Port Huron eleven nearly scored.

On Thanksgiving Day we faced Royal Oak in the last game of the season. Once more we were defeated. Philp was out the first part of the game with a bad knee and the team seemed unable to find itself until he was put back in the last quarter. During the last few minutes of play, the Red and White eleven played a wonderful game of football, scoring once and being well started on a second touchdown when the whistle blew.

Though the season was not a complete success yet the team deserves considerable credit for what it did do. The crowds at the games were fairly large but they seemed to think there was a law against yelling when the team was getting beaten. On account of the lightness of the team, injuries were fairly frequent. With twelve letter men back next year the prospects of a successful season are good. At the close of the season, the Girls' League honored the football fellows in a banquet which was greatly appreciated by them.

## THE SCORES

Sept. 25	Port Huron	51	Croswell	0
Oct. 2	" "	46	Memphis	0
" 9	" "	14	Richmond	7
" 16	" "	35	Bay City Western	0
" 23	" "	0	Detroit Eastern	41
" 30	" "	0	Saginaw Eastern	28
Nov. 6	" "	0	Saginaw A. H.	43
" 13	" "	7	U. of D. High	6
" 20	" "	0	psilanti	7
" 25	" "	7	Royal Oak	20
		160		152
				16
				168

## THE TEAM

DIXON	MUGAVERO	BLACK	MARTIN
WRIGHT	TAYLOR	BROWN	G. SICKLES
ROSS	HOLTH	LANGTRY	WHITE
HOWARD	MOORE	V. SICKLES	NORTON
PHILP	MARSHALL	WATTERWORTH	

## "THEIR GIRLS"

Herb's girl is tall and slender;  
 Eddie's girl is fat and low;  
 Herb's girl wears silks and satins;  
 Eddie's girl wears calico.  
 Herb's girl is quick and speedy;  
 Eddie's girl is demure and good,  
 Do you think Eddie would trade for Herb's girl?  
 You know right well he would!

Herb's girl does like Eddie,  
 She says Herb backs out;  
 Eddie don't like his own girl  
 Cause Herb says she's too stout.  
 Eddie's girl knows he goes to Sarnia,  
 Herb's girl lives out there;  
 Between you and me, my gossiping friend,  
 There's murder in the air.

Herb is big and husky,  
 Eddie is not half as large;  
 Herb handles furnishings like great big stoves  
 Eddie small candy bars.  
 The difference between Herb and Eddie  
 Is like the difference between iron and wood,  
 Do you think Herb would crush little Eddie?  
 You know right well he would.

EUGENE DIMICK—'21.

## REVIEW OF THE 1920-21 BASKETBALL SEASON

NEVER before in the history of basketball has the great indoor sport enjoyed the recognition and glorious success as it did in the 1920-21 season. It was without a doubt the banner season for the game since its invention by Dr. James A. Naismith, dating back thirty summers and winters ago.

Port Huron played its part in the epoch-making season of the sport. The game enjoyed the greatest popularity it has ever had in this city and attained a higher level on the athletic calendar here. There were more participants in the game than ever before, while the spectators' circles were increased by large numbers.

Of course, our team, sailing under the Red and White colors of P. H. H. S., drew the greater interest and popularity, and held the center of the spotlight, locally. And it was a successful season that the team experienced.

Playing 16 games, the stiffest schedule that a Port Huron High quintet has ever tackled, the team won 9 and lost 7. Another game was forfeited. Taking all into consideration, including the fact that the team was lined-up with some of the foremost High School fives in the state, the quintet's record is one that might well be viewed with pride and its members and mentors, Messrs. Lake and Davis, merit high praises.

In its 16 games the team scored a grand total of 318 points as against a sum of 277 registered by its opponents. Holth acquired high individual honors, garnering 45 field goals and 4 fouls for a total of 94 points. Frink was second high with 79 points while Captain Philp ran third with a total of 70 markers.

Marine City High was the Red and White's first opponent of the season played on the local court, December 17th. The down-river boys made a good start and almost succeeded in playing our team to a standstill in the opening chapter with the half ending 10 to 8, Port Huron's favor. However, in the second half our team displayed its mastery and romped away with the victory at a score of 24 to 11.

We faced the Alumni next and with "Fin" Holth and Fred Moore manning the firing line for the old "grads," our team encountered no little amount of difficulty in maintaining its clean slate. The Alumni led most of the way, while late in the closing period of the game the score became deadlocked at 29—all. A foul by Frink and a fielder by Holth gave us the game at a score of 32 to 29.

Our third straight win was registered over Memphis High by an 18 to 15 tally. The fray was close and hard fought throughout, and the teams went into the final round of play with the count tied at 14—all. We scored two baskets while the visitors registered but one point on a foul in the stanza, taking the victory. Later in the season our team in a game with the same Memphis five would undoubtedly have won more decisively.

Sarnia High was "fish" for our team. The Red and White's five-man defense completely bewildered the boys from the land of the Maple Leaf and



they were only able to register 9 points while our quintet came through with 24, which was the final score of the game.

Our game with the tossers of Bad Axe High School was a battle from the first whistle. Spectacular baskets by Fremont, the visitors' stellar forward, put the visiting team in the lead several times, and the winner was always in doubt. The score at the end of the first period stood 5 to 2 in favor of Bad Axe, while Port Huron led at the half 8 to 7 and at the end of the third quarter 13 to 10. With less than a minute remaining to play and the score even at 14—all, Moore caged a basket for the Red and White and we won, 16 to 14. Hughie Ross played for the first time of the season in this game.

We trounced Mt. Clemens High by a score of 30 to 14. Our team led from whistle to whistle and outplayed its opponents at every turn. Wayne Frink tossed six goals from field in this game.

After winning six consecutive games, our team lost its first game of the season which was played with the University of Detroit High on the latter's floor. Although Red and White teams and their coaches have always acquitted themselves as game losers and have always refrained from alibi making, in defeat, they felt justified in raising an objection in this case. Holth was expelled from the game in the second quarter which necessitated a complete shift in our team's lineup which worked as a handicap together with the unfair-

ness in the officiating. Our opponents got the verdict by a score of 21 to 19 in the closing minute of play.

Our team came back strong against Highland Park, winning 20 to 11 on the latter's court. Had the Red and White displayed truer accuracy in basket shooting we would have won by a larger margin as can be shown by the fact that our team had approximately 80 shots at the net while our opponents were in a position to take but 50 flings at the suspended cage.

Mt. Clemens took revenge for their earlier defeat at the hands of our team when we met the "Bath City" High in a return game on their court. Our rivals nosed under the final whistle the winner at a score of 14 to 12 after a hard-fought battle. A field goal tossed from the center of the court with five seconds to play turned the victory for Mt. Clemens. Two special cars carried over a hundred loyal followers of the Red and White to and from the scene of the fray.

Coach Lake, dissatisfied with conditions beyond control, took our team off the floor in its second meeting with Marine City High, at that place, thereby forfeiting the game to our opponents.

The largest crowd of the season saw the Red and White go down to defeat before the tossers of Flint High, at a score of 21 to 17, on the local court, which was the first defeat on the home court in three years. It was a game that will live long in the memory of fans fortunate enough to be in attendance. Our team fought with all the determination that knows no defeat but was forced into submission in the end. At the end of the first half the score stood 10 to 9 in Flint's favor, while our team succeeded in tieing the tally at 17-all in the last three minutes of play. Ferguson, brilliant forward of the visitors, netted his team their winning points on two fielders.

Bay City Western downed our quintet, 34 to 21, in a game played at Bay City, which had all the earmarks of a football struggle. Our players were considerably outweighed and accordingly were under a disadvantage in the argument with the official permitting rough tactics. Stewart was ejected from the game on personal fouls. A canvas covered floor added greatly to the difficulties.

In another highly exciting and thrilling game the Red and White emerged the winner over Saginaw Arthur Hill, on the same court, to the tune of 19 to 17. We held a 6-point margin at the close of the first half, the score standing 11 to 5 and maintained the lead to the end. The visitors staged a rally in the closing minutes of the contest which however fell short by one basket of tieing the score.

Detroit Northwestern defeated us before another howling crowd of fans. The "big town" boys led by a score of 13 to 11 at the half, while our team came strong in the third quarter and at the end was out in front with the tally 19 to 17. While we were able to register but one point in the final chapter, Northwestern grabbed off an additional 8 points and won, 25 to 20.

There was something radically wrong in the workings of our team against Detroit Eastern on the local court, in which game the latter team won by a

score of 11 to 5. The visitors led all the way while the Red and White appeared off color in all departments of play and did not once round into form.

With all due respect to the merits and efforts of our esteemed pedagogues we must say that as basketball players they are better tutors and their place is in the class room as was pleasantly demonstrated once again by our Red and White team. The annual fracas this year resulted in their defeat at the hands of the students by a 26 to 9 tally. Still we hope and pray that our faculty continues to abide by the Golden Rule and steps out next year to try again, but we would request that they "lay off" candy and such stuffs for a week, at least, prior to the game so that they might reach a partial degree of conditioning and be able to provide our Red and White gladiators with some little competition.

Our team suffered defeat in the first rounds of games in the tournament at Ypsilanti, at the hands of Adrian High at a score of 26 to 14. Without questioning the class of the Adrian team, it is a matter of fact that the Red and White did not perform to its highest standard and had it done so there might have been a different story to tell. This was the last game for Captain Philp, Holth, Frink and Stuart on a Red and White basketball team of our school, all four of the players being lost next season, through graduation. All of the four are worthy of genuine praise for the part they have played in our school's athletic activities, and their absence from our quintet next season will be the source of no little regret.

Following is given the team's record for the 1920-21 season and the individual scoring record by the players:

1920-21 RECORD

Port Huron	24	Marine City	11
Port Huron	32	Alumni	29
Port Huron	18	Memphis	15
Port Huron	24	Sarnia	9
Port Huron	16	Bad Axe	14
Port Huron	30	Mt. Clemens	14
*Port Huron	19	U. of D. High	21
*Port Huron	20	Highland Park	11
*Port Huron	13	Mt. Clemens	14
Port Huron	17	Flint	21
*Port Huron	21	Bay City Western	34
Port Huron	19	Saginaw A. H.	17
Port Huron	20	Detroit N. W.	25
Port Huron	5	Detroit Eastern	11
Port Huron	26	Faculty	9
†Port Huron	14	Adrian	26

Totals: Port Huron..... 318

Opponents ..... 277

\*Abroad.

†Tournament at Ypsilanti.

Port Huron forfeited a second game with Marine City on latter's floor.

## TRACK

In a mass meeting for the boys, Mr. Lake introduced, in his usual "brief-but-strictly-to-the-point" way, a relatively new subject in athletics in Port Huron High. Track was his subject, using everyone in general for his examples of what they "hadn't ought to be." He managed to get quite a majority of the boys interested so that after school you might have seen them actively at work in Pine Grove Park, and in quite a number of back yards the turf seemed dug up not as for a garden but where some young hopeful was trying to break a world's record in running and jumping.

The schedule was not yet complete at time of writing but here is a brief outline: Cross country run, May 14, at St. Clair; meet with Memphis, Richmond and possibly Sarnia, here on May 19. There is a possibility of a meet with Croswell, there, the latter part of May; entry in State Interscholastic at Lansing, June 4; official M. I. A. A. meet and also a county meet at Tashmoo Park, June 10.

There is promising material in the runs, weight, and jumps but it must be developed.

On May 4, a meet was held at the Driving Park with Croswell. Croswell was reputed to have a strong team and every one was surprised when Port Huron took home the bacon with a score of points 65 to 39.

Fifty yards, time  $5 \frac{4}{5}$  minutes—1, Philp, (P. H.); 2, Gofton, (C.); 3, Hanson, (C.)

Shot Put, 33 feet  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches—1, Gofton, (C.); 2, Philp, (P. H.); 1, L. Martin, (P. H.)

Four hundred and forty yards, time 59 seconds—1, Middleton, (C.); 2, Ward, (P. H.); 3, McIntosh, (P. H.)

One hundred yards, time  $10 \frac{4}{5}$  seconds—1, Philp, (P. H.); 2, Corsant, (P. H.); 3, Gofton, (C.)

Running Broad Jump, 17 feet  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches—1, Holth, (P. H.); 2, Gardner, (C.); 3, Cowles, (P. H.)

Eight hundred and eighty yards, time 2:20—1, Baker, (P. H.), 2, Middleton (C.), tie; 3, McIntosh, (P. H.)

Running High Jump, 4 feet 10 inches—1, Cline, (C.); 2, Stecher, (P. H.); 3, Benedict, (P. H.)

Two hundred and twenty yards, time  $24 \frac{4}{5}$  seconds—1, Philp, (P. H.); 2, Corsant, (P. H.); 3, Gafton, (C.)

Standing Broad Jump, 8 feet  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches—1, C. Briggs, (P. H.); 3, Gardner, (C.); 3, Corsant, (P. H.)

One mile, time ——1, Cameron, (C.); 2, Clemo, (P. H.); 3, Newman, (P. H.)

Pole Vault, 7 feet—1, Cowles, (P. H.); 2, Cline, (C.); 3, Benedict, (P. H.)

One-half mile Relay, won by Port Huron, time 1:50—Team, Corsant, Beedon, Baker, Philp.

MESS -

-CEL -

-LANEOUS



## FAVORITE SONGS

ELAINE SCHELL	FRANKLIN COWLES
“Whispering.”	“Geddap Napoleon” (it looks like rain).
PAULINE GIBSON	JEANNE RYAN
“I Sing Because I Love to Sing.”	“If a Wish Could Make It So.”
GEORGE DURAND	RUSSELL SIMMS
“A Young Man’s Fancy.”	“I Love to Fox-Trot.”
FRANCES SMITH	MALCOLM WRIGHT
“Wonderful Boy.”	“If You Could Care.”
DOROTHY MANUEL	EDWIN HOFFMAN
“Till We Meet Again.”	“After You’ve Gone.”
MABEL MASON	EUGENE BLACK
“I’m a Jazz Baby.”	“When the Right Little Girl Comes Along.”
MABEL SMITH	CARL HOLTH
“Sweet Kisses.”	“To Late! Too Late!”
MARGARET DOWNS	CHESTER BENEDICT
“Chili Bean.”	“Rosie.”
HILDA STEVENS	NATALIE MOORE
“Kiss-a-Miss.”	“Hold Me.”
EARL SCUPHOLM	PAUL ST. DENIS
“Taxi.”	“I Wonder Who’s Kissing Her Now.”
JOHN HOWARD	MARION SEAGRAVE
“Girls of My Dreams.”	“Marion.”
HARWOOD FENNER	LEONARD SIMMS
“I Miss You Most of All.”	“Wondering.”
THELMA BERKELY	HAROLD NEUMAN
“Somebody’s Sweetheart.”	“Darling”
OBERLIN, OHIO	FRANCIS APPEL
“My Isle of Golden Dreams.”	“I’m Tellin’ You.”
JACK TAYLOR	WILLIAM DUFF
“Nobody Seems To Care.”	“As the Years Go Drifting By.”
HUGH ROSS	DONALD ROSS
“Mary.”	“Just Sweet Sixteen.”
Ross MARTIN	EUGENE DIMICK
“Jean.”	“All She’d Say Was Um-Huh.”
MAYME MACQUEEN	JOHN CONGO
“The Vamp.”	“You’d Be Surprised.”
ALBERT DIXON	
“Tell Me Little Gypsy.”	
STEWART FENNER	HELEN JENKS
“They Go Wild—Simply Wild Over Me.”	“Happy.”

## FAVORITE SONGS

ROSABEL LEE	GAVIN BROWN
“Waiting.”	“Maggie.”
KATHERINE PHILLBRICK	BYRON PHILIP
“I’m a Jazz Vampire.”	“Marjie.”
ELEANOR CADY	MAC. WATTERWORTH
FRANKLIN MUGAVERO	“After You Get What You Want.”
“The Call of a Cosy Little Home.”	LOUISE UNGER
FRANCES HYDE	“I Love You Sunday” (Hot Fudge).
“A Little Love, a Little Kiss.”	MARGUERITE MORRIS
GRANT MOORE	HAROLD COCHRAN
“Darling.”	“A Basket of Loves.”
JAY CORSANT	MR. HUNGERFORD
“Kiss Me, I’ve Never Been Kissed Before.”	“Sweet Mama.”
ELEANOR MEISEL	FRANCES HOLLAND
“Your Eyes Have Told Me So.”	“You can’t get lovin’, where there ain’t any love.”
WAYNE FRINK	MARY GODFREY
“I Love the Ladies.”	“Caresses.”

## REMEMBER WHEN

Remember when we had 55-minute classes and no school on Monday in order to save fuel?

Remember when you used to get those “A’s” in college algebra and trigonometry?

Remember when overalls and gingham aprons were worn in school to fight the high cost of living?

Remember when Guy Manuel wasn’t late for school?

Remember when the bull-dog got into Room E (then Mr. Miller’s room) and chewed one of the seats? And how Mr. Hungerford took him (the dog, not Mr. Miller) out?

Remember your first day in High School and all its attendant terrors?

Remember the day the cadets were first doing the goose step and some youngster yelled, “Oh! Look at the burlesque show!”

Remember when the Student assemblies used to be held?

Remember when Seventh street bridge turned and caused you to be late for school?

Remember when the teacher told you that you needn’t study tomorrow’s lesson as it was too hard? Yes, can you remember?

Remember when the girls didn’t wear bobbed hair?

M. ASHLEY—’21.



## WHAT IS MORE EXASPERATING THAN

- To have to stay forty-five minutes for being one minute late.
- To study the wrong lesson.
- To have Seventh Street bridge turn in your face when you know you have two minutes to make it.
- To have to stay in the night you plan for a movie.
- To have classes run overtime when you prefer not to recite.
- To have your watch a half a second too slow with the gong.
- To have *the* one book you want at the P. H. H. S. library "dated" a week in advance.
- To forget to return your yellow slip at the end of the hour and then—
- To grab the wrong book.
- To slip gracefully on your heel in front of the thousand accusing eyes (more or less).
- To have your session room teacher surrender you an N. S. when you had forgotten to write your excuse.
- To discover no mass meeting the hour you had planned.
- To have a squeak in your shoe.
- To find you are the only one who has failed to learn your memory work.
- To be compelled to write something for the "Student."
- To have—to "Oh, well what's the use."

WINIFRED POWELL—'21.

The fellows—"How's everything, Demick?"

Eugene Demick—"Oh, *she's* all right."

Mr. Schutes (changing Carl Holth's seat in class)—"Get up a little closer so I can hear you whisper."

"She travels 'Miles' with Benedict."

Miss Chapin (to Geometry class, 6th hour)—"Do you think you can see better with the lights on?"

Isabel Ballentine—"Yes, I think we need some light on this subject."

Miss Wesley (in English History)—"What is the open shop?"

Sam. Stecher—"Where the men work outside."

H. Cochrane—"O Bessie, where is the 'Last of the Mohicans'?"

G. Oldfield—"In his grave, of course!"

Miss Northrup in English 7, studying scansion—"Did you see the meter in that line, Helen?"

Helen Brown—"Yes, but I don't see how you get your foot in there."

Willie arrived at school one morning, but when he opened the door, his dog, Ference, (short for Interference) rushed in the school room. Willie then tied his dog to his seat, and went to his first class.

Teacher—"Now, Willie, what is the distance around a circle called?"

Willie, hearing his dog growling, turned around and exclaimed—"Siccum Ference."

"Correct," said the teacher.

Mr. Shutes in Physics—"If one man was coming down the hill and turned the corner and hit another man, he would receive a jolt through his momentum."

Mr. Hungerford, in a note to one of the teachers—"Please excuse Miss Hyde for being late to her class as I have been holding her this period."

"If a pupil sees a pupil  
Thinking on a quizz;  
If a pupil helps a pupil  
Is it the teacher's bizz?"

Mr. Lance, in second hour Chemistry class—"Name one of the uses of manganese dioxide."

Pauline Gibson (in stage whisper)—"A face powder for colored people."

Sam. Stecher—"Say, George, when is the House going to start up?"  
(House of Representatives).

George McInnis—"I do not know."

Ernest Baldwin—"When the carpenters start to build."

#### PRIZES AT THE RUBBER-BALL

Celluloid—Fire tongs.

Tan—Shoe blackening.

Sand paper—Paint brush.

Corduroy—Socks.

Asbestos—Necktie.

Tempered—Cuff links.

Elastic—Razor.

Carbolic Acid—Tonic.

Rubber—Corks.

Steam-heated—Collar buttons.

Air-cooled—Cash register.

Black—Ladies' gloves.

Hand-painted—Toothpicks.

Self-cleaning—Soup muffer.

Fan-ventilated—Cootie garages.

First prize—Deed to swamp of "Marsh-mallows."

Miss Harris to George McVluskey—"Where do we get most of our meat?"

George—"In the butcher shop."

Ruth Schuck—"You don't mind if I lean against you do you Eugene?"

E. Dimick—"Well——I'm not prepared to support a woman yet."

Mr. Shutes assigning advanced Chemistry lesson to 2nd hr. Chem. class—  
"I want you all to take Hydrochloric acid tomorrow."

Pauline Gibson, in stage whisper—"I don't want to die!"

Grace Thorne (after eating some peanuts in school)—"I didn't dare get near Miss Northrup for fear she'd smell peanuts on my voice."

Pro. Hungerford—"Put your gum in the waste basket Harold."

H. Thornton—"I haven't got any gum."

Pro. Hungerford—"Well, what are you chewing then?"

H. Thornton—"I'm chewin' the rag."

Miss Chapin to Ross Martin coming in A. H. 7th hr.—"Next time you come in here stay out!"

J. Howard in Com. Geog. Class—"Well, there's another kind of grapes just like those purple ones, only they're green."

Miss Northrup, Eng. 7—"Mr. Black, would you please run up the blind its rather dark in here."

Eugene B.—"Please mam, my running shoes are at home."

First Sophomore—"I hear that Louis Weil has given up golf."

Second Sophomore—"Yes, he lost his head every time he lost a golf-ball, so thinking that he might lose his head for good, he decided to quit."

From all Wall Street reports the wool market is swamped. The reason stated was that Ernest Balwin finally acquired the price of a haircut."

baldwiN  
cOngo  
bAer  
cHarleton

Clemo  
mOran  
U  
daiNs  
oTtaway  
Stevens

Mr. Hilzinger in Com. Geog. Class—"What has held Mexico back?"

Mabel Smith—"The inhabitants are all foreigners."

Mr. Hilzinger—"Miss Hand, I clearly could explain this hill more if I had a rougher surface."

Harwood Fenner—"Use your head."

"I suppose," said the famous stranger watching a workman laying down a carpet from the church door to the curb, "that is the road to heaven?"

"No," replied the man—"this is merely a bridal path."

Miss Rush, Hist. VII—"What is the largest county in Michigan?"

"By," Philp (waking up) "Texas."

I had a little Lizzie—  
I had a little paint—  
I had a little brush and time  
She looks now what she ain't.

Miss Northrup to Helen Brown, Eng. 7 4th hr.—"Why did you put your accent there, Helen?"

H. B.—"Because I don't see how you get your feet in."

## OH! TEACHER, MAY I SPEAK?

When little Johnny raises his hand and shouts, "Oh, teacher, may I speak?" he usually says a "mouthful." And time and time again when teacher asks the class a question she gets an answer that smacks of real humor. Adults as well as youngsters laugh to their hearts' content when "Topics of the Day" films show scholars' sayings on the screen. So the following have been assembled to give readers a jolly "recess":

Teacher—"Johnny, your mouth is open." "Yes, teacher, I know it. I opened it."—*Cornell Widow*.

Teacher—"You've been a naughty boy. You must stay after school." "All right, Miss Jones, if you aren't afraid of the scandal I'm not!"—*Jack Canuck*.

Teacher—"Who can tell me what 'unaware' means?"

Little Mary—" 'Unaware' is what you put on first and take off last."—*Cleveland News*.

Teacher—"Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Bright Pupil—"At the bottom, mum."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Teacher—"Do you know the population of New York?"

"Not all of them, ma'am, we've only lived here two years."—*The American Boy*.

Teacher—"Swarms of flies descended upon the Egyptians, but there were no flies on the children of Israel."

Smart Boy—"There ain't now, either."—*Cleveland News*.

Teacher—"Give me a sentence from a dead language."

Pupil—"What are you going to have?"—*Boston Traveler*.

Teacher—"Tony, form a sentence using 'disarrange.' "

Tony—"When my father goes to light the stove, he says, 'Dama dissa range'!"—*Washington Times*.

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me what they raise in Mexico?"

Johnny—"I know what you want me to say, ma'am, but maw told me not to talk rough."—*American Legion Weekly*.

## BRIGHT SAYINGS IN ENGLISH CLASS

Bryant was committed to the bar.

Bryant crossed the bar.

He took his fanny (fiancee) with him.

Example of melodious diction in "Westminster Abbey"—"The bell rang from buttery to buttery."

Francis Appel in Announcement—"The Dramatic Club will put on 'The Fifth Amendment.' "

(Francis must study the Constitution.)

Rosabel Lee in meeting of girls in Room M—"Change Mildred Palmer from a cake into a pie."

Frances Holland in History VIII—"In the New England town meeting they elected selectmen and—and—and men to look after the hogs!!"

## QUITE TRUE

"Hi, gimme a handful of waste!" I howled  
(I was under the auto to grease it)  
But Jim had an armful of waist in the car,  
And wasn't disposed to release it.

Why is Ruth Schuck interested in South Park?  
Why are Ruth Schuck and Frances Holland always found in Mrs. Blake's room before school?

Clesson Hawley in Geometry II—"That there is right, by this here."  
Miss Woodward—"If you were on an island by yourself and could have only one book, what book would you take?"  
Isabella Cowan—"A cook book."

## OH!

"Does your fountain pen leak all the time?"  
"No, only when I have ink in it."

Friends, Irishman and countryman,  
Lend me your ears.  
I've come to give a toast and not a sermon,  
The laughter that you give is Holy  
To the countrymen of Ireland.  
Sein Finn doth say that we are foolish,  
But just the same we eat the gulosh,  
That brings out our laughing smiles.  
We have walked a many a mile  
To jolly on St. Patrick's day.  
And by the time it has come May  
We shall welcome signs of hay,  
The golden hays that is by the fire  
Hangs from a rafter on a silver wire.

DOROTHY MARTIN—'23.

## “DANCING”

Hecker says, "Dancing is a form of epidemic disorder allied to hysteria and evidently the result of initiative emotions acting upon susceptible subjects under the influence of a craving for sympathy or notoriety."

Mr. Hecker evidently must have danced somewhat like the wild man of today, or may be that was when the inspiration for the "shimmie" started. Probably by flopping his ears and wiggling his left toe, he expressed his craving for sympathy and notoriety!

Oh, girls! to have lived in his time! ! !

KATHERINE PHILBRICK.

Miss Woodward, seventh hour English—"Will the American bankers who lent money to the Russian Government ever get it back?"

E. Dietrich—"If they live long enough!"

One evening some fellows were walking up the street talking gaily. They passed a water hydrant and one fellow said to the other, "Say fellows, can you tell me whether this is a fire plug or a water plug, I've been trying to find out and I'll be darned if I can."

One of them promptly said, "Why a water-plug of course." First fellow—"Tisn't either, it's an iron plug."

Ed. Stephens in Public Speaking class to P. Gibson—"Byron Philps will be your husband in the fifth scene and he's got to kiss you on the forehead."

Pauline Gibson—"Well, I shall have to call him down."

Edwin Hoffman stopped by traffic officer on the charge of speeding 40 miles per hour—"Why officer, I haven't been out an hour."

"Move on," said the t. o., "that's one on me."

Hugh Ward—"One of the minor plots in 'Hamlet' is that of Rosenthal and Winkleman!"

(Rosencrantz and Guildenstern).

Wilola Ashley to Margaret Hand (who ushers at the Family Theater)—"Did that good-looking young fellow come in last night?"

M. Hand—"Yes! He sat on my side all through the show!"

Harold Thornton was digging worms.

H. Tims—"Hey! Are you going fishing?"

H. Thornton—"No, just going down to give these worms a swimming lesson."

So beautiful you seem to me,  
I wish that we might wed;  
Your neck, it's just like ivory  
But alas! so is your head.

Miss Rush, second hour History—"What river in India did Alexander sail up?"

Maurice Roach—"Up the Pajahama!"

Mrs. H.—"Mary, you come straight home from school tonight."

Mary—"How can I? I have to turn some corners."

Bang—Biff.

Miss Woodward, seventh hour English—"Can anyone tell me where his ancestors are?"

Bright Curtis—"Six feet under the sod!"

Mrs. W.—“Oh, gracious, you are so fresh!”

Jane—“Well, that accounts for being a Freshman.”

Miss Rush in History VIII—“What is an honest dollar?”

Eugene Dimick—“A dollar obtained honestly is an honest dollar.”

First student—“My, but it's draughty in here! Shut the door.”

Second student—“Never mind, John Allen only sneezed, that's all.”

Miss Woodward in Eng. 4 5th hr. class was assigning the lesson for the next day from Irving's Sketch Book—“Take 'The Voyage' but don't miss 'The Stage Coach'.”

### EX. 1st

The process of combining iodine, sulphur and potassium, sometimes gives startling results.

Formulae:  $K + I + S_2 = \text{Kiss.}$

This is a very dangerous experiment and care should be taken in performing it, as sometimes the reaction which may set in proves violent. It should never be tried when light is present and when few are present, usually two; it is best to wear ear muffs as the combustion which sometimes follows may prove fatal to the ears.

Edited and Censored by,

O. WHATA SMELL, M. S. C.

### FAREWELL LAMENT

From the Freshies you'll hear many a sigh,  
 When as Sophomores we leave the Junior High,  
 We're not so green as we were last year,  
 And no more do the Seniors we fear.  
 We'll miss the good times we've had in the Gym.  
 And wish all the while we were back again,  
 We won't have Misses Jarvis, Siebert, McKinney and Carlisle,  
 But then we can see them all once in a while.  
 We have mentioned all the Misses but one Mrs. we can claim,  
 Her name is Mrs. Richard and to please her is our aim;  
 But stay I haven't half my story told  
 Because we love Miss McNichol and Miss Merrigold,  
 These teachers have taught us to follow the right tracks,  
 And in our heads we have many sound facts,  
 But now we have to leave our futures for Old Father Time to solve,  
 As the Freshman ranks will soon dissolve.  
 Oh! How the Freshies all hate to say good-bye,  
 When as Sophomores we leave for the Senior High.

PHYLLIS ADAMS—'24.

### “EL P. D. Q. CIRCULO”

That queer looking heading is the name of a very lively club organized by the Spanish III class last fall. Pronounced “en espanol,” the letters are much more dignified and take on a different aspect than they do when spoken in cold English. All one needs to do is say “Pay Day Coo Thir-coo-lo” and they know our name!

Every two weeks, on Friday, this club meets, fifth hour. Programs are held at each meeting with every number given in Spanish. Every phase of Spanish life is studied. At Christmas time an interesting program was given. America—Silent Night—and the Spanish national hymn were translated. Shortly after inauguration a program was given with characterizations of President Harding and Vice-President Coolidge. Roll call was responded to with a brief sketch of some Cabinet member. The following officers were elected:

President . . . . .	SENRITA MARGUERITA BOARDMAN
Vice-President . . . . .	
Secretary . . . . .	SENRITA FRANCINA FEAD
Treasurer . . . . .	SENRITA MYRTLE HARPER
Sergeant-at-Arms . . . . .	SENR. EDWARD PARSONS
Faculty Critic . . . . .	SENRORA BLAKE

—“Por una nina del circulo.”

Port Huron High School,  
Port Huron, Mich.

Miss Grace Northrup,  
Room M.

To Senior Session Room Resident Manager:

Dear Madam:—May it please your Honorable Majesty to accept this humble excuse from your worthy but humble servant. As ordered by the august body, THE SENIOR COUNCIL, to which all honor and subservience are due, I am requesting that you accept this letter to allow me again to enter the portals of the Senior Session Room. Your pardon would be graciously accepted.

Yours truthfully,

DONALD ROSS—’21.

There was a young fellow named Dizzie,  
He drove papa’s new tin Lizzie,  
He was part-blind in his sight,  
The train hit him just right,  
And now I wonder where is he?  
  
The guys just know him as “Russ,”  
Over whom Eleanor raises *some* fuss,  
When she’s alone, she’s unhappy,  
Likewise him, he’s unhappy,  
When together, they disregard us.



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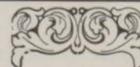
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Miss Wesley (In English History)—  
What is Statute Praemunire?

John Allen—Wasn't he an Englishman?

Mr. Lake in Mechanical drawing—  
"Bob White, what's rubble?"

B. W.—"Why rubbles is a Russian coin."

B. Magahay (who is always asking for a larger library)—"Did you notice the number of people in the Library? Mr. Hungerford? And the new chair?" (Atlas on waste basket).

Mr. H.—"No, but I saw the foot of the bear (Baer) in the window."

Wanda Loope and Wayne Frink talking vigorously.

Mr. Anderson—"Are you working Wanda?"

Wanda—"I'm working real hard."

Anderson—"Yes, but who are you working?"

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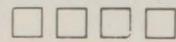
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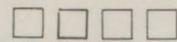
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H. Cochrane—"Don't worry! He'll  
sit close enough."

Donald Bullock enters library.

C. Benedict—"Here comes Don to see  
his wife."

F. Holland—"Oh, no! His wife  
meets him in the college algebra room."  
(Who can it be?)

B. Magahay in Library—"Donald,"  
you run right along out of here."

M. Van—"Don't you love me any  
more, Bessie?"

Pauline Gibson relating an incident—  
"I stood on the car waiting for the  
curb."

B. Philp in Eng. 7 Class, just begin-  
ning a recitation—"Why-a—

Miss Northrup—"We are not on the  
y's (why) we are on the main track."

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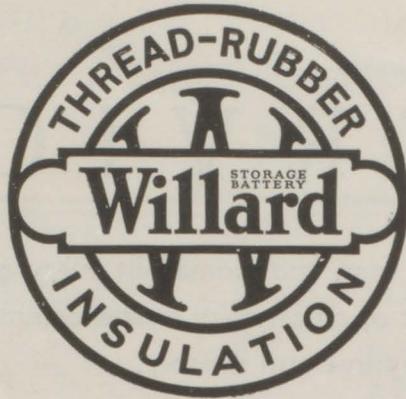
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*... Appealing to Better Taste*

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## NATIONAL GROCER COMPANY Port Huron Branch

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Everybody

*Corner Grand River  
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*Get one of My Famous  
Malted Milks*

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**Likes**

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We Cater Especially  
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*Compliments of*

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## NOEL FURNITURE CO.

*The Store of  
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317 HURON AVE.

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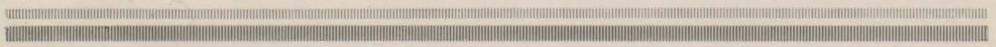
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